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Chicago and New York

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THE NATIONAL MOVIE WEEKLY

# The MOVIE PICTORIAL

THE NATIONAL MOVIE WEEKLY

Published Weekly by the Cloud Publishing Company, Chicago.

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Edited By ROY S. HANFORD

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# THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

VOLUME I CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 5, 1914 NUMBER 18


# A Stay of Execution

## Taggart Escapes Death as a Spy

*Photos © Underwood & Underwood and International News Service*

The Picture Showed the German Uhlans Riding Straight Toward the Camera

The Famous German Black Hussars—the Pride of the Vaterland

*EDITOR'S NOTE:—If you read "The Time—The Place—and the Man" in the MOVIE PICTORIAL of August 22, you know Clem Taggart; if you didn't you missed one of the best true-to-life stories you ever read. Here is the second adventure of this dare-devil motion picture director. It took much persuasion to induce the author, a man high up in moving picture circles, to consent to write a series of stories about the exploits of his head director in Europe, but at last we succeeded and now our readers can enjoy one of his fascinating stories as often as the "Big Boss" hears from Taggart.*

"I DIDN'T start this war, did I?" complained Billy Reynolds, bitterly and distinctly. "They can't prove I shot any crown prince, can they? Well, then—what for are they treating me as if I had done the whole thing—eh? That's what I'd like to know."

"Oh, cheer up," said Clem Taggart, pleasantly. "You'll have some work to do pretty soon. We'll be making some pictures. Like the ones we got on the Drina, when the Servians licked the Austrians."

"Yes, and I suppose you won't be happy, then, either," said Billy Reynolds, who was a perfectly good camera man, but not gifted with an imagination. "You get ace high with that Servian general, and, instead of having us both shot at sunrise he has you made a commander-in-chief or a duke or something—anyhow, they give you a little iron star that must cost eighty cents a dozen, wholesale. And they let you take a lot of pictures—fine pictures, stuff that's enough to make every exhibitor in the U. S. A. go mad with joy. Is that enough? It is not!"

Taggart only laughed. He and his camera man had really done a good deal already. A pure hunch, sheer guesswork, that prophetic smelling out of trouble to come, had sent them abroad. They had followed the Archduke Franz Ferdinand to his death at the hands of a Serb assassin at Serajevo, the kindling of the fire that was to sweep all Europe. Wonderful pictures of that tragedy had been taken by the impassive Reynolds; later, Taggart's skill, and his forethought in arranging a code with the home office that looked like the plainest of language, had enabled him to arrange to get the film to Antivari, on the Montenegrin coast, and thence, by means of a yacht owned by a friend of his chief, to America.

Just in Time to Catch the Fall of a Monoplane

And then, instead of calling it a job well done and scuttling for home, Taggart had done still more. He had waited in Belgrade for the fighting he was sure would come; thence he had gone to the banks of the Drina, where the tiny Servian army had gathered to oppose the Austrian army. His camera, with its all-seeing eye, had detected an Austrian flanking movement that the Servian scouts had not discovered; his reward was a remarkable battle picture, and a decoration from the King of Servia, together with safe conduct to Constantinople through neutral Roumania and Bulgaria. Thence he had shipped his films on one of the last British ships connecting at Genoa with an English liner for New York.

But he and Reynolds had not taken that liner. Instead they had made their way, guided by Taggart's knowledge of the country, to Rotterdam, still neutral territory, even after the declaration of war by England and Germany. Holland, though she feared that she would share the fate of Belgium and Luxembourg, and be invaded by the German army, striving to reach its hereditary enemy, France, had not yet been drawn into the general conflagration.

"Now—this ain't a bad town," said Reynolds. "There's lots of good stuff here, too. And there's bound to be more. All these refugees, for one thing. Why, I got a picture yesterday of a guy that can draw his check for half a million at home—and he was beggin' some one to lend him carfare! Why wouldn't this be a good place for headquarters? Eh, Clem?"

"We start to-morrow," said Taggart, impassively. "I've doped out a way to get up to where there's some real fighting."

"Oh—well—huh—that's different," conceded Billy. Billy didn't have Taggart's utter indifference to danger, perhaps—except when he was actually at work. Then nothing could take his mind from the scene before him, and he handled his camera with a view to getting all that was in its range. But Taggart had noticed, with delight, that all of Billy's complaining, since the day they had left Vienna for Serajevo, had been done in periods of inactivity.

"I got tired of trying to get permits," Taggart went on. "I tried the German headquarters, and the French. And the English didn't even answer me. I even tried to get with the Belgian army, and all they promised me was that they'd arrest me on sight! So we're going it alone. If these people think I'm going to take any more orders than I can help, they've got some more thinks coming."

Which explained the silent hegira of Clem Taggart, Billy Reynolds and the things that are needed for making pictures, from Rotterdam. Their course was not that of the ordinary traveler. They had a motor car, it is true, but they were not motor tourists. The picturesque scenery of Holland was not what they were looking for. They were simply making the best time they could. And as soon as they had crossed the Belgian frontier into Luxembourg they

knew that they were near their goal—or some goal.

"Are you heading anywhere in particular, Clem?" asked Billy.

"I am not—I'm just looking for trouble—and the woods are full of it," answered Taggart. "Right here it's quiet. But we're within a few miles, more or less, of where there's been some of the heaviest fighting that was ever known—and where there's going to be a lot more. We're not far from Sedan, my boy—and from some place that's going to make Sedan look like a place where there was a skirmish! It doesn't know it yet—and neither does anyone else. Some little place you never heard of before is going to be historic before winter, and don't you forget it. And it's up to us to be there—or thereabout!"

In the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg progress was at first fairly easy. That country is independent; it is so chiefly because France and Germany have both wanted to control it, and each has kept the other from doing so. It is really a toy country; its army is so small that the New York police force would require only to wave a few nightsticks to disperse it; its police force can always use coin of the realm.

But it did not take the two Americans long to learn that things were far from being in a normal state in Luxembourg. The people were scared. Nor was it hard to discover the reason. Three hours after they crossed the frontier they knew. The Germans were abroad. Already the distant sounds of firing had been heard; panic was in the air. And, not far from the French border, Taggart suddenly whipped out his field glass, stopping the car.

"Gee!" he said. "I thought so!"

"What's wrong now?" asked Reynolds.

"See that hill—away over there, to the right? I remember that—it used to be covered with trees. See any now? No—you bet you don't! But do you see that bunch of men there—on horseback?"

"Yep. What of them?"

"Uhlans! German cavalry! Good soldiers—with an unpleasant habit of shooting first and finding out who you are afterward. They are simple souls—they run along on a perfectly good theory. If you're wearing a German uniform you're all right—if you're not they probably ought to shoot you."

"If they shoot me I'll call a cop," growled Reynolds. "How about them? Want a picture? I can get a few feet. With that telescopic lens—great stunt, that, Clem."

"Yes—get a few feet. Here—they're heading this way. Quick. They may not have seen us yet."

So Reynolds unlimbered, and in a few moments he was turning his crank. When he stopped he had a film showing German Uhlans, riding straight toward him—a film, by the way, not likely to have many duplicates taken in time of war! And the finished film would not indicate that the Uhlans had been some miles distant when it was taken. That was made possible by the new device Taggart had invented. He hadn't even patented it; he and the other directors of the Climax company used it under a personal arrangement between Clem and the big boss of the Climax brand. But Clem got what was coming to him. Even if the big boss hadn't been disposed to be fair, Taggart was worth too much to take any chance of making him sore.

"All right," said Taggart. "Now hold tight, Billy—this road isn't my idea of an automobile highway just now."

And he drove straight through a gap in a fence into a field lately covered with a crop of some standing grain. There was stubble in it now, owing to a hasty harvest, and the going was rough. But it wasn't complicated by Uhlans, who, knowing that their comissary department could use automobiles, would probably have enjoyed pot shots at the tires—or, on the theory that tires were worth more than strange men, at the driver.

It was risky work after that. Three times, emerging on roads, they found friendly Luxembourgeois, who warned them of the neighborhood of German troops. But they evaded them successfully. By nightfall, however, Taggart, reluctantly, decided that he would have to change his plan.

"I wanted to work into France, down toward Sedan—which is in a corner where there's pretty sure to be some fighting," he said. "I'm afraid it can't be done. We've got to dodge regular troops for a while—on both sides. If I've got to be pinched, I'd rather have the French do it—they're more sympathetic! With them we've got a chance to put something over. But the trouble is we're right in the middle of the German advance. They've thrown a cavalry screen over this whole country we're in—and the infantry and guns must be pushing along right behind. No—our best chance is to outflank 'em—and beat it for another theatre of war. Billy, how are your feet?"

"Sore," said Billy, flatly.

"Well, if they weren't, they would be soon," said Taggart, philosophically. "So cheer up. We'll run back and around with the car—and as soon as we get to a safe place we'll cache it and take to foot. I've got a new scheme."

He propounded his new plan. All it involved was a movement right around country recently traversed by the German Army of the Moselle, now in Luxembourg! But details meant nothing to Billy. If he saw a fair chance of getting good pictures he was willing to do anything. He liked to growl and complain, but he could do that in one place as well as in another. So it didn't matter whether he went here or there.

They got out of Luxembourg and into Germany. Simple words; they represent a task that was full of the most appalling difficulties. One reason Taggart and Reynolds got through was that they didn't even begin to know how dangerous and difficult what they were doing really was. Another is that no German officers or troops could possibly have imagined same men taking the risks that were involved! Napoleon won battles on that same principle. He would deliberately do something so utterly opposed to all the rules of warfare that the skilled generals who opposed him knew that he couldn't be doing anything of the sort and, by the time they found out that he had invited destruction, it was too late to destroy him—because he had gone into the destroying business himself on a large scale!

Taggart's plan was really Napoleonic. He got through the chain of guards that covered the German rear, and into the still peaceful valley of the Moselle. Here, except for the railroads, all was well. Taggart groaned at the sight of the vineyards.

"All going to waste!" he said ruefully. "The greatest wine in the world, my boy! And this year's crop—Lord, what a shame!"

"Sparkling Moselle!" said Billy. "Huh! I've drunk that! Good stuff, too. Tastes something like champagne!"

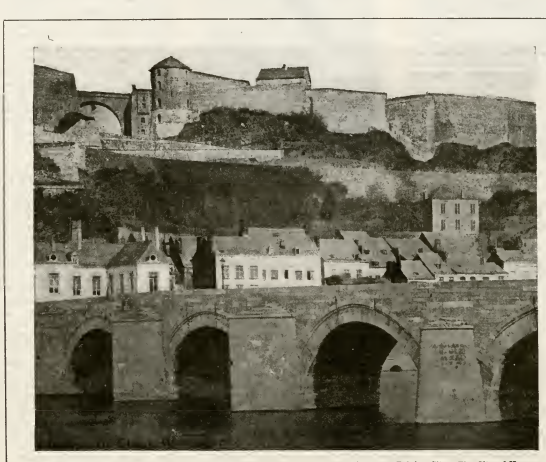
Taggart groaned. But it was no time to worry about things like that. They went on their way. They saw soldiers, when they were near railroads, but they eluded them. And all the time they were drawing near territory that had once—once! a dozen times!—been fertilized with blood. Alsace was ahead of them and their chief danger now was from above, and they lay hidden by day—in haystacks, or in ditches. By night they moved. All day long the air above was filled with a humming like that of great bees. Aeroplanes were on the wing constantly. And once Billy got a perfect picture of a great Zeppelin dirigible in flight, a swarm of swift aeroplanes hovering about her to protect her in case of attack by similar machines from the French side.

"Isn't this great?" said Taggart. "That airship is from Metz—see? She's been scouting over the border, toward Verdun. You see, on this side the Germans have Metz—the great fortress they got in '70. And to match that the French have Verdun, on their side of the line. There's about forty-two miles between them—that's all." —

"Won't there be fighting here?" asked Billy.

"May be some—but not right away. Verdun and Metz are too strong for attacks. They'll offset one another. I want to work down into Alsace — past Strasbourg. A long way past it, too. I think the French will come through the passes of the Vosges mountains. That's a great cover for them, if they should get licked. And they can move down from Belfort, and keep the Germans busy."

They began to suffer from an embarrassment of riches now. They had only a certain quantity of film with them; Taggart wanted to save enough for the picture he was hoping to make, of actual fighting between French and German



The Citadel at the De Jambos Bridge in Namur, Which Guards the Approach to the Belgian City. The City of Namur, the Second Fortified City in Belgium was First Attacked by the Germans on August 16th, Shells Being Fired from a Distance of about Three and a Half Miles. The Shells Flew Harmlessly Over the Circle of Forts Which Encompass the Town. The French Repelled the First Attack and Compelled the Germans to Retreat about Four Miles. A Study of the Picture Will Give Some Idea of the Defensive Strength of this City

troops, on a fairly large scale. And, for sentimental reasons, which would enhance the value of the film, if he ever got it, he wanted that fighting to be on the soil of Alsace, of the lost province that France has mourned incessantly since Prussia tore it from her in 1871.

"Billy!" he said. "You don't know how those Frenchmen feel! I can see how that film will go in France —Lord! After the war—they'll want a picture of their troops striking the first blow in their revenge. That's what they've talked of ever since '71—La Revanche! We can't get any idea of it at home. But suppose the English had licked us in a war, after we had things going. And suppose they'd taken Maine away, and Vermont, and all the upper part of New York state. We'd have wanted to get all that back, wouldn't we? Well—that's the way the French feel about Alsace-Lorraine. Elsass-Lothringen — that's what the Germans call the provinces. They've tried to Germanize them—but they haven't done it. Those people still want to be French. They skip out every year and join the French Foreign Legion, rather than do their turn of duty in the German army. They're as patriotic as the French people are themselves."

As they worked their way southward Taggart and Reynolds got more and more of the scent of real war. Daylight travel they found utterly impossible; even at night the risks were great. Firing in the distance was almost constant, but Taggart, who had been one of the unhappy tribe who had tried to extract news from the Russo-Japanese conflict in Manchuria, shook his head, appraisingly.

"Skirmishing, that's all," he said. "Believe me, Billy, when there's a real fight it'll be different. All there's been so far, that we've heard, is clashing of outposts. There hasn't been that steady thunder sound of big guns getting into action. I guess we'll be in time. By the way—if the French catch us, we're English."

"I'm damned if I am!" growled Billy. "Why?"

"Because the English are their allies, you poor fish," said Taggart. "They'll probably throw their arms about our necks and kiss us—whereas, if they find we're Americans, they'll put us in jail."

"Huh! Well—there's worse places than jail," said Billy. "Still—you're the boss."

But it was not the French who caught them. For, just as the long and dangerous trip was nearing what promised to be a successful climax, disaster overtook the two movie men. Taggart's plan had been simple, in one way. It was certain, he felt, that if the French invaded Alsace—and political reasons, including the arousing of a greater enthusiasm at home, made that almost inevitable—they would strike from Belfort, through the gap in the Vosges range of hills known as the Troue de Belfort.

He intended to take up a safe position, near or just over the Swiss border, not far from the city of Basel. There it would be easy to follow the sounds that would indicate the joining of battle; in the confusion of a real fight he should be able to get his pictures and slip again over the Swiss line. Thence it would be possible, even if it would not be easy, to get his films to the sea, by way of Italy, and so to America.

The plan was good. But, while he had not forgotten the German frontier guard, he had underestimated the difficulties of eluding it. Within five miles of Switzerland and the temporary shelter he craved, he was halted by the sight of a covey of scouting aeroplanes flying over the wooded heights of the Vosges.

"Get busy!" he cried, to Reynolds. "Look—they're firing at them!"

Billy did get busy—just in time to catch the fall of a monoplane, wounded by a German bullet. From that moment developments were rapid. There was a sharper outbreak of firing than any they had yet heard, and in the distance large bodies of men, evidently in retreat, appeared, moving toward them, but stopping, at regular intervals, to fire a volley.

"It's the French advance—they've started. They're driving in the German outposts!" said Taggart. Suddenly he looked around. "Here—it's time to beat it!"

From the direction in which they had come a troop of Uhlans was riding. They started up. But they were too late. Other Uhlans cut them off. To fly or to show fight was alike useless. And so, instead of reaching neutral country, they were straightforwardly and ignominiously taken, on the Rhine-Rhone canal, the base of the mobile German force watching the Troue de Belfort. There a Prussian colonel, temporarily in command, greeted them stiffly.

"You will develop your films," he said, in excellent English. "They will probably prove that you are spies. You will then be shot."

"And if we don't develop them?" said Taggart.

"Some one else will have to do it—later," said the colonel. "And—you will be shot at once."

Taggart decided that the films should be developed. He put it as gracefully as he could. And he spoke in German.

"We are not spies, my colonel," he said. "We are American moving picture men. If the films are of use, we shall be glad to serve you."

The Men of Russia Have All Been Drafted into the Army with the Result Shown Above. The Women and Children are Left to Care for Themselves as Best They May. While Their Husbands and Fathers go to Battle for a Ruler for Whom They Have No Love—No Feeling of Loyalty—Surely Never Were Truer Words Said, "War is Hell."

The colonel gave his orders impassively. A young lieutenant was assigned to accompany them. Like most German officers, his English was admirable. And he seemed very calm, rather amused, as smoking a cigarette, he took them with him.

"You fellows were very foolish — but quite brave," he said. "I'm sorry, you know. But—war is war. I rather admire spies, myself. I was one, once. I rather think I could tell the English General Staff a few things they ought to know about the land defences of Portsmouth!"

"Well — you'd better put our your cigarette," said Taggart. "Or else shooting won't be necessary. Moving picture film is highly inflammable stuff you know."

"You are to have the official photographer's dark room," said the lieutenant. "Hurry, please—I am anxious not to miss the fun. The French are driving in our outposts, you know. Of course, I don't suppose they'll really come anywhere near us, but they might—one never can tell. There isn't more than a brigade of them, though, and we are a whole regiment."

It wasn't boasting. It was the quiet confidence of an officer of an army that has been taught to consider itself invincible. In modern times no German army has ever been defeated, except for temporary checks—Danes, Austrians and French have tried and failed. And in this youngster's bearing Taggart got a sudden revelation of how it was that Germany, supported only by Austria, had dared to war on practically all of Europe.

Billy Reynolds worked, with the prospect of being shot when he finished, quite as coolly as if he had been making a test in the Climax studio at home. Perhaps he didn't hurry; that didn't seem necessary. And Taggart, hearing the steady and continually louder sounds of firing in the distance, began to cherish a slender hope. The lieutenant grew more and more uneasy. And suddenly, at a particularly loud explosion, not far away, he turned to Taggart.

"You'll have to excuse me," he said. "I shall lock you in. Don't try to get out."

"Go ahead," said Taggart, sympathetically. "That was a shell, wasn't it? Perhaps the French are foolish enough to have pressed on, after all."

The next moment they were alone. They were on the top floor of some sort of a public building; a school, probably, Taggart thought. The room was darkened, of course, but Billy had finished with his developing now, and Taggart stripped the covers from the windows. At once he gave a cry of delight.

"Here's a piece of luck!" he said. "There's a ledge outside—I believe we can get to the roof! Come on!"

They were on the ledge in a moment, Billy clinging to his camera. And Taggart soon found a means of reaching the flat roof. Once there he looked out and shouted.

"Look at that—camera, Billy—camera!"

(Continued on page 30)

# Los Angeles--Movie Mecca

## By Minerva Martin

Even before the days of the Native Sons—there was such a time, although you have to go outside California to say it—Los Angeles was the City of the Angels. No one, not even the old Indian guardian at San Gabriel, remembers having seen one of this sort of angel on the cattlepaths of the village, but some fanciful Hidalgo gave it the name. The Hidalgos went the way of the conquered, the cattlepaths widened into streets, the Gringo came into the land of milk and honey, but the name clung. Los Angeles grew, on paper at first rather than on foundations. The first boom sent it high among the towns of California. Its distinction is that when one boom dies, another is born. The land boom wasn't in its grave when the oil boom spouted to high heaven and wells were dug all over the city. Then the oil boom threatened to die on the doorstep and leave Los Angeles stranded between San Francisco and San Diego, later to be famed for expositions. But Allah was kind to his children on the edge of the desert. Some one invented motion pictures. Through them Los Angeles has come into her own. She is once more the City of the Angels, but these angels are of the sort that finance theatrical companies, and the companies are all made up of motion picture players.

*Photos by Graham Photo Company, Los Angeles*

**After the Land Boom and the Oil Boom, When Los Angeles was in Danger of being Stranded between San Francisco and San Diego, Someone Invented Motion Pictures. Through Them Los Angeles Has Come into its Own**

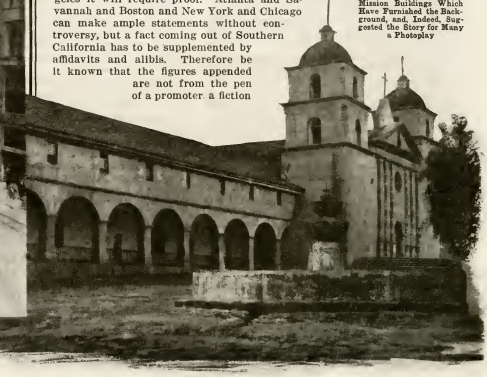
LOS ANGELES—Losonglieze to the effete who pour in hordes out of the east to its indefinite borders—lies in the southern part of California. It has been suggested by unimpressed visitors to the Mecca of the Pharisees that everything in California lies, but Los Angeles has certain points of preference besides its distinction of having put the "I" in California. It is a great city, not only because it says so, which it does on the average of twenty-four times a day, but because it has kept on making the remark until it has forced the fact upon those who came to scoff. Remaining to pray, they have become "boosters" of a force and volume only second to that possessed by the Native Sons.

**There are Jetties and Landing Stages, a Harbor with Ships of All Sizes, Breakwaters and the Homes of Shipping Industries and Ship Building Yards All Ready to the Producer's Hand**

There are more motion pictures made in and around Los Angeles than anywhere else on earth.

As that statement emanates from Los Angeles it will require proof. Atlanta and Savannah and Boston and New York and Chicago can make ample statements without controversy, but a fact coming out of Southern California has to be supplemented by affidavits and alibis. Therefore be it known that the figures appended are not from the pen of a promoter a fiction

**The City Itself Furnishes All That could be Desired in the Way of City Sets**



**The Surrounding Country Abounds in the Stately Old Mission Buildings Which Have Furnished the Background, and, Indeed, Suggested the Story for Many a Photoplay**

writer, or a manufacturer. They have been compiled by Arthur W. Kinney, Industrial Commissioner and member of the Chamber of Commerce of the City of Los Angeles. Mr. Kinney has computed that:

Between sixty and seventy per centum of the pictures made in the United States are manufactured in and around the City of Los Angeles;

There are more than seventy-five companies working every day except Sundays throughout the year;

The industry supports thousands of people, undoubtedly a number in excess of ten thousand, not including scenario writers;

The revenue derived by the city from the forty concerns which control the seventy-five companies is not less than four millions of dollars a year;

The money invested in studios, grounds and buildings constitutes another four millions of dollars.

The investments in motion picture plants come from the east and are therefore clear profit to the community.

Thus far Mr. Kinney.

But the Native Son goes farther in explanation of the reasons why Los Angeles has become the Mecca of the Movies, drawing scores of companies and hundreds of players across the desert and the Rocky Mountains to a permanent abiding place in the principal city of Southern California.

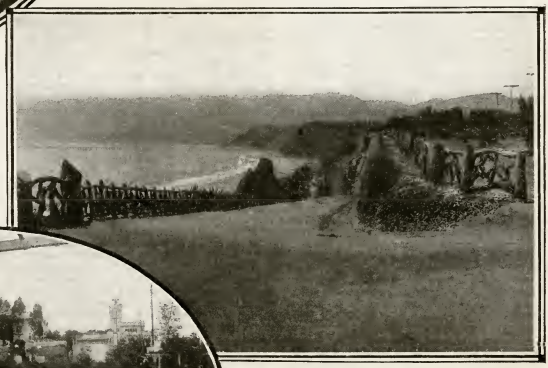
In the Manufacture of Motion Pictures, Variety of Background Is as Essential as Diversity of Plot. For this Reason Alone Southern California Has Offered the Film Producers Exceptional Advantages

"Climate," saith the prophet, "is the principal factor that has brought about the hegira." One of the necessities of motion picture making is sunshine. In California—meaning, of course, Southern California—the sun shines during a large part of the day for the better part of the year. Even during the rainy season it is not unusual for the sun to appear, between showers, giving a chance for some work to be done. The number of days when no pictures can be made is relatively very small.

With this as a basis, it is possible to build and maintain outdoor studios, which are the finest for the making of good photographs. The judicious use of canvas diffusers makes any sort of light possible for interior scenes under sunlight conditions. A good camera man can always regulate his pictures according to the prevailing sunlight out of doors.

Although the one-time contention that the native-born of Southern California do not know the sound of thunder nor the flash of lightning has been disproved by jealously alien weather bureau statisticians, nevertheless the fact remains that electrical storms do not come often enough to seriously disturb picture-making. The air is remarkably free from the static electricity which is so ruinous to films.

The Adjacent Sea Coast Varies from the Gay City of Long Beach to Wild Stretches of Shore Line and Inaccessible Rocks



At More Sober Santa Monica There are Cliffs and a Great Concrete Pier as Well as Magnificent Sea and Mountain Views

The Cultivated Parks around the City Furnish Acres of Lawn, Sunken Gardens, Lily Ponds, in Fact, Just about Everything That the Most Exacting Producer Could Desire

The division of the weather into wet and dry seasons is also remarkably favorable to the making of motion pictures. Even where a relatively large amount of sunshine might be secured during the course of the year the state of the weather is always a factor that film producers have to consider and upon which they can never count. A company that has been engaged for a special picture may be held for days, under salary, to be ready for the making of the drama. In Southern California the certainty of sunshine in dry weather makes it

(Continued on page 21)

# Helps to the Solution of The Million Dollar Mystery

## By WILLIAM J. BURNS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE

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REVIEW OF TENTH EPISODE: *Her past still a blank, Florence wandered around the seashore, and seemed to associate the water with her misfortune. Shortly after her rescue, a stranger came to the village, presumably on a vacation. One day, while swimming, he was seized with cramps, and Florence swam to his rescue. The man was Vroon. He recognized the heiress, and lost no time in imparting his knowledge to Braine and Olga. Norton and Jones conferred frequently relative to Florence's disappearance, and at a railway station they were recognized by Braine and other members of the Black Hundred, one of whom, to carry out a well-laid plot, walked briskly past them. Norton shadowed the man, and the pursuit led into the hallway of a house on a back street. Norton approached a door, and while listening, a secret trap was sprung in the floor, and he was precipitated to the basement. Unconscious, he was carried to a steamer bound for Norway. Thus "shanghaied," Norton was removed from the scene. Braine hastened to Newfoundland, disguised as a prosperous business man past middle-life. Assuring himself of Florence's pitiful mental condition, Braine demanded her of the fisherman, claiming to be her father. Instinctively Florence clung to her protector, and Braine was thrown from her side with considerable violence, but Braine was not to be dismissed so easily, and shortly afterward kidnapped Florence, taking her aboard a private yacht. This boat caught afire, and the party was rescued by a passing steamer, which proved to be the one on which Norton had been shanghaied. Sight of the reporter restored Florence's memory, but Norton cautioned her to pretend to not recognize him and to maintain her blank stare. Keeping his hat drawn over his eyes so that Braine would not see his features, Norton managed to get into the hold, and as Braine descended, to complete plans for leaving the ship with his captive, Norton struck him over the head, rendering the villain unconscious. Changing clothing and assuming Braine's disguise, Norton was able to get away in a small boat, and he and Florence were once more free from the clutches of the Black Hundred.*

Money-maddened, the Black Hundred Members May Readily Conspire Against Their Leaders

IF EVER a man would be tempted to tell his sweetheart secrets that would comfort her, Norton stood in that position after both he and Florence had passed through so many tribulations. I believe that Jim Norton knows the facts about Hargreave; that he has conferred frequently with Hargreave; that he is an essential agent of the millionaire. Surely, the uppermost thought in her mind must have prompted Florence to ask her lover if he had word from or knowledge of her father. A man might hold back many facts from his wife—but he generally tells his sweetheart all he knows—and a little more. Was Jim Norton made of different stuff? Did his great bravery shield his mind from the effects of the intoxication of love? It is scarcely natural. This much Norton has likely said: "Your father is safe. I see him—talk to him. He sees you—watches over you. For your own sake, he dare not tell you where he is, because that knowledge might endanger you. Obey Jones and all will be well."

When I interviewed Miss La Badie during my visit of inspection at New Rochelle, I decided that she was the type of girl who could make a young man tell pretty nearly all his mind might harbor. In the films she is the same girl—not a different one. But—there are some amazing contradictions. Let me name them for you. I want you to have the benefit of my own experience, of my intimate knowledge of affairs of mystery, and of my fortified understanding gained by visiting the scenes of the plot.

Jones has already cautioned Norton against Olga. Jones knows that the Countess is not trustworthy. Why does Norton still blunder into her schemes? Why did Norton permit Olga to work a ruse on him, under any pretext, that could either result in his capture or his separation from Florence? Norton is undoubtedly in touch with Hargreave. Jones and Hargreave, I am positive, are in close communion, either in person or in some other intimate manner. And in the face of all this, Norton goes on apparently blindly, and Florence remains in such doubt as to her father that she puts her head in many a noose that she might avoid. She still believes in Olga—although those around her, whose sworn and blood duty it is to protect her, permit her to fall into Olga's hands.

These, you must admit, are seeming inconsistencies—and still the plot has been remarkably consistent. Therefore, we must assume that they are *intentional inconsistencies*, and that it is vitally necessary that Florence be used as "bait" for the undoing of her arch-enemies, the Black Hundred. No other answer would seem to suffice.

Probably you have felt that Norton was lacking in perception, or that Jones was brutally negligent in his protection of Florence. You will wonder still more at Hargreave. Why does he, above all others, permit Florence to fairly thrust herself into Olga's hands, when even her life may be endangered? I am going to tell you why, and point out a depth to the plot that you have likely never suspected: If Florence *did* know the facts about her father and the million dollars—if she knew that Olga belonged to the band that had brought her so much trouble—like any young girl, she would show resentment. If she displayed suspicion and ill-feeling, then *somebody* had been talking to her. Who would that somebody be? Certainly, that person would be an individual in possession of *inside* facts. Then Florence would cease to be merely a subject to be used as a hostage; she might be tortured and maybe murdered if she did not reveal the truth. It is because Norton *does* love her that he *fears* to tell her the truth he possesses. It is because Jones loves her—in a much different way—that he suffers her to take these long chances. Even in the great risks she runs there is *more safety* than there could be in her knowledge of the facts!

But back of all this is still a deeper channel to the plot: Not only is Florence's safety dependent on her continued ignorance, but the undoing of the criminal Black Hundred also depends on that same ignorance on her part. She represents to them the point of *least resistance*. She is the *only* real hope they have of getting at the truth—and because of her the members continue to come out into the *open*. They attack her in broad daylight; they assail her on country roads, in lone manors, in apartments, on the street, everywhere. They *show* themselves—and often *other* members, who have remained in the background, reveal themselves. One by one, *every face* is becoming known to Jones—to Hargreave—to Norton. No longer do the Hargreave forces operate in the dark. Through Florence, as a *vehicle*, they are procuring tangible truths that will enable them to strike hard when the moment for the great, crushing blow arrives.

When Jones escaped from the House of Mystery with the treasure-chest, in that spectacular manner disclosed in the fifth episode, he brought others out from cover—and looked into their faces—and accomplished something else: He made Braine appear before members unmasked—he compelled Braine to be a marked man when the time of malcontent on the part of the underlings should come. They would know whom to avenge themselves on!

Underlying all this is still another sub-chamber of the plot: I am convinced, as I have intimated previously, from every clue that has been presented to date, that Hargreave, or somebody close to him, is *within* the fold of the Black Hundred, hearing all plots regarding himself and Florence, except those hatched in the apartment of the Countess—and probably getting some of those in the 'round-table whispers in the Black Hundred rendezvous.

If the Hargreave millions, *to be* distributed among the Black Hundred, can force them to do such terrible things, then *any money*, sweetening the spirits of members of that band, can buy them as they have always been *willing* to be bought. Persons who form an unholy alliance for the purpose of gain through robbery or murder, have not shown any great fealty to one another because of that illicit co-operation. They have merely displayed their criminal weakness for money. Therefore, they can be bribed against one another—will turn criminals *against* their own pals as readily as they would turn criminals *for* them. Knowing the acts, thoughts, plans of their compatriots, they are better fortified to *undo* them than would be possible were the traitors outsiders.

Until such time as you feel that you have reason to believe otherwise, assume that Hargreave is represented *inside* the Black Hundred

—that through this connection he will be able to operate, and bring to bear all the skill at his command; genius that is made more dependable because of vast moneyed interests.

You may ask if I have altered my opinion about the *thought force* of the Hargreave interests coming from the Hargreave mansion. I have not. In Jones I still see the plotter—the orginator—the master intellect. But—which is Jones and which is somebody else, I am not prepared to say. I am not sure that it is not Hargreave himself—nor am I satisfied it is. If one man could have two bodies and a single soul, and transfer that soul from one body to the other at will, he could do what Jones does, or what Hargreave does. We see two persons operating through *one* mind—a most extraordinary circumstance. It is not uncanny. It is not improbable. It is not even unreal. But these two men—and which is which must puzzle us all for the time—are workig like *one piece* of thinking mechanism, with the power to strike from *two points* at once; *from* the Hargreave home, and from *outside* the Hargreave home; quite likely from *inside* the Black Hundred!

Were I not so certain that Hargreave lives, and is near at hand, I would say that this strange condition could be answered only by purchased information from members of the Black Hundred, and likely, to a considerable degree, it is.

Let us not overlook the million dollars itself. The box is at the bottom of the sea. It should not be easily recovered. It was a nice clean chest, as I remember it, *without any windings or adjuncts*—just a box, with Stanley Hargreave's name painted on it—and nothing else on it. If Jones had only thought to tie a rope or fasten a wire on it, or affix some sort of float to it, then maybe he could rescue that chest from the sands beneath the water. Maybe he does not care to get it—but hopes it will still do duty as a *blind*. Jones has pressing duty at the home—and only some tragedy could force him to desert the house. Maybe if he were *obliged* to leave it he would take the million dollars from its hiding place and carry it with him! That would be a very good idea. Then if any one robbed the house during his absence, he would *have* the money on his person. If he went away protected by a body-guard, or with faithful detectives trailing near at hand, he could carry that money with reasonable safety.

Do not permit other events to divert your mind from the million dollars. That Florence jumps from a ship's side is thrilling; that Norton is shanghaied lends color to the story; that they meet again in so romantic a manner is entertaining—but the award is not particularly dependent on the mere romance of these situations. It hinges on Hargreave's fate, on the million's hiding place—on these two things more than on anything else.

Hark back to the first episode, and you will recall that the packages of money did not total any large volume. Hargreave parried them in his hands and placed them in the safe; the hands that withdrew them took them from the safe—all in a single operation. Distributed in coat-pockets, these packages should not cause the garment to bulge unduly. Hidden in the back of the Hargreave portrait, they should not crowd the space. I repeat, that if Jones should leave the residence for any considerable journey, he would likely carry the money with him.

Their Quest for Florence Compels the Black Hundred Members to Run Risks in the Open

Presumably, the troubles of Florence are not over. It is still the fore part of the story, and the Black Hundred will continue to direct their venom against the girl until some more rational line of procedure presents itself—such as the sudden appearance of Hargreave. And if they saw Hargreave, they would probably try to kill him. They are wrought up to that pitch. The reason they do not attempt to murder Jones seems to be because they are satisfied that he came on the scene some three years after Florence, as an infant, was left at the boarding-school. The Black Hundred surely must be blinded by some sinister influence within their own councils. They are being thwarted by some designing intellect that is keener than their minds combined.

For the time being, watch Jones to see if he touches that money. He may. Jones is the logical custodian. He "hangs around" the Mystery House altogether too much to simply answer the door-bell. He is alive to some mighty magnetism that is apart even from Florence. She goes; Jones still remains close to the scene—near the home—ready to pounce upon anybody who gets within reach of that money. You may wonder why I assume such belief as to its being hidden in the house. I will explain: It is incumbent on the weavers of this plot to show us the place where the money is hidden. They must not hide it in some building or receptacle that we have not seen. Nor could it be placed, in fairness to Mystery patrons, in some place that has been shown only incidentally. Wherever it is, it will be handy for sudden flight, if the time to escape arrives. It must be procurable within a few minutes—a few seconds, perhaps. It must be where it will help Florence if all the others are killed. That is why I still point to the Hargreave portrait as the most logical hiding place for matter like this.

Kept in Ignorance of Olga's Character, Florence Becomes a Decoy to Work on Her Father's Piano

I presume all the points I have given you up to now have been noted in your "field book" which I suggested that you keep from the beginning. Even with that, your task is not finished. You have seen ten episodes. There are twelve more to come. The remarkable number of adventures we have viewed to date will be *more than doubled* before we are finished with the story. It is possible that *all*—or *many* of—our deductions will take wing—that new ideas will present themselves; that revelations will be made that will answer and explain away many doubts—only to build new ones in their stead.

If there was ever a time when we have to be vigilant it is *now*—in the mid-period. In the next few episodes the Thanhouser folk may take advantage of our smug assumptions, and catch us napping. It is like waking a man from his deep slumbers in the early morning hours. His brain and nerves are numbed; he is inert—unable to calculate clearly; and quite likely a miserable coward. That is why so many burglars prefer to wait until two or three o'clock before perpetrating their raids.

And right now, we are "easing" through the middle of the story. We do not dare be too secure. The Million Dollar Mystery may switch around so *suddenly* we would lose the thread of the clues if we did not watch carefully. Let no detail escape your attention or thought, because there are *twelve more* episodes in which the mystery may deepen itself.

And there is one more thing I must again mention: Many letters have been written to me asking me to divulge secret clues. I can not reply to these letters. My offer to write these articles had to embody the same fairness to one person as to another. Everything I have to say regarding The Million Dollar Mystery will be said in these columns, and nowhere else. Some persons have kindly agreed to *divide the spoils* with me if I would tell! One person offered me seven thousand dollars out of the ten thousand—a very liberal sort of chap, you see! Remember that the award will be decided by a board of judges, consisting of Lloyd Lonergan, Harold MacGrath and Mae Tinee. Of all persons on earth I keep away from it is these three. Messrs. MacGrath and Lonergan are undoubtedly determined to make the work hard for you and me.

Some one will submit a solution that will point out things that may not have occurred to them. That ten thousand-dollar reward is *cheat-proof*. To persons of dishonest, or over-enthusiastic, tendencies I issue this caution: Do not waste your time looking for "inside information."

If you will defraud in one thing, you will cheat in others. If you are dishonest enough to ask me for personal help, you would be dishonest in any position of trust. While it has been my life-work to hunt down criminals, I believe in crime's *prevention*.

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

# "EXTRAS" The "Supes" of the Motion Picture Stage

By RICHARD WILLIS

The Day is Rare, Indeed, When the Employment Bureau does Not have to Pick Extras for a Battle Scene

THERE must be a hundred thousand persons in Los Angeles working at regular employment, but the fact is difficult of realization to the man who has occasion to see the long line of men, women and children in front of the desk where an employment clerk chooses "extras" for most of the big companies that operate in and around the California city. A day at the agency, which has been established for a clearing house to save the individual directors the work and worry of choosing from the constant crowds of applicants and which has proven a boon and a blessing to the companies, if not to the agency clerk, is likely to give an observer the impression that the greater part of the population of the city is seeking employment in the moving picture game.

Lots of the People Who Apply to the Studios for Work have to Be Turned Away Because They haven't the Clothes for a Scene like This and Can't Get Them

The Extras for a Photoplay Such as "Jane, the Justice" have to Be of a "Special Type"

The clerk whose duty it is to select men, women and children for the parts required at the studios where extras happen to be in demand that day, has to be an executive of a high order of ability. To choose courtiers, soldiers, society belles, mourners, strikers, miners, from the motley crowd that besieges his office every morning is a task worthy of a Belasco. If he sends unsuitable candidates to the studios, the directors will register complaints that may eventually cost him his place. On the other hand, he has to meet the anxious faces of people who really need the work, unsuited though they may be to its requirements. If he's human, he becomes a philosopher.

One employment bureau autocrat has acquired a knowledge of "extras" that is a gold mine to any one interested in the types who seek to keep on the fringe of motion picture making. Sometimes he waxes loquacious upon the topic of the types. At half-past eleven in the morning, when the last extra for the day has been engaged, he will sometimes fall into talk.

I happened upon him on the day when he had furnished nine companies with extras, some of them with picked performers—"types"—and others with soldiers, society folk, some frenzied operators for a stock exchange scene, and some sailors to go to San Pedro for a naval scene. He leaned back in his swivel chair, put his feet up on the railing, sighed in relief at his respite from labor, and spouted like a Yellowstone Park geyser.

"It's a funny life," he said. "You can get an idea of certain phases of human nature right here in this office all right. I had no idea there were so many stage struck people in the world until I took up this job. Did you see that middle-aged woman in black, without any figure or good looks, the one who just said 'Is there anything for me today?' and then went out? Well—she will come in for another week or two and then drop from view. She aint strong enough to do regular work and thinks she can go into pictures and get enough to live on. I've told her straight that she can't, but she won't believe it and will just come along until she finds out that what I say is

Infinite Pains was Taken to Secure Just the Right Girls for This Boarding School Episode in the Million Dollar Mystery

true, and then she'll stop coming. If I sent her to any director he would come and tell me to stop kidding him. I wish that class of woman would keep out of here. I've got my feelings like the rest of 'em and they get on my nerves.

"Gee, you'd laugh at some of them though. I think that the hardest type to deal with is the mother with one or more kids that she wants to get into the movies. Some of these women try and get their kids on so that they can make money out of them and not do anything themselves. I can generally tell them and some men are just as bad. I know of two husbands and wives who don't do a thing but live off the earnings made by their children. One of 'em is one of the cleverest little girls in the movies and the other is a small boy, a regular wonder in his way. It's all right from their point of view I guess, but I think it's low down myself."

The clerk paused a moment to light the cigar I had offered him and then went on.

"I keep cards of all the people who call, you know, and there are so many that although my memory is good, I make little notes at the bottom of each card so that I can readily recall the applicant. Here is one. I have dotted down, 'Big, aggressive woman,

A Group of Extras Who Look Entirely too Amicable to Put on the Realistic Fight between "the Blue and the Gray" for Which They Were Engaged

This View of Essanay's Chicago Studio, Snapped During the Production of "The Elder Brother" is Interesting and Self-Explanatory

awful talker, from Kansas, girl too big and bony and boy impossible.' When this woman first came in she handed me a line of talk about like this:

"'Are you the young man who does the engaging? Yes, then I guess I'll have to talk to you, but I didn't want to. I don't believe in going to clerks, but like to talk to the bosses—yes, I suppose you are the boss here in this office all right, but I mean that I want to talk to the men who are going to hire my children and find out just what they are expected to do. I spoke to Mr. ———— (naming one of the directors) and he was quite rude, wouldn't listen to me at all. Told me to come to you, and I insisted upon his seeing the children and then he turned away and said something that I didn't hear. Come here Amelia, this is the man who engages the children, this is my eldest and she—' and she went on a blue streak and I couldn't stop her, but I finally got rid of her and later on I met the director she had tried to corral and he told me if I ever sicked either of those kids or the mother on to him he'd have me put off the lot. Well, that woman came in and interfered with my work for several mornings after that and finally I had to call her down good and hard, and she gathered her family together and gave me a parting shot like this: 'I will never come here again and I wouldn't let my children work in such a place anyhow—we will go to some other studio and perhaps you'll be sorry when you see what a hit they make.' I didn't

(Continued on page 30)

The Companies do Not Provide Modern Evening Dress, So the Extras in a "Society Play" are, Generally Speaking, Not as Hard Up as Those Used in a Mob or Strike Scene

# The Making of an Actress

By WILLIAM CURRY

ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS. DEAN CORNWELL

VI

VERA gasped at Forster's prophecy of the consequences of her thoughtless and impulsive revelation.

"Oh!" she cried, "Heavens—I never thought!" In the swift reaction that came with the discovery that Forster, far from being dead, was not even seriously hurt, she was touched with hysteria—the stress and strain of the whole experience with Forster naturally had its share in producing that condition. It was this which accounted for her next words—doubly unfortunate ones, they were, as it proved. She reverted, not unnaturally, to the Vera of Gudge and Bartlett's store, who had, in the last few days, been almost entirely disappeared and merged in the new Vera of the movies.

"Oh!" she cried, again. "I'm so sorry—I never thought! But—you know I'm not used to being a public character—no one from the papers ever cared anything about me before—!"

Forster caught the shrill note; weak as he was he recognized the hysterical touch and seized her hand.

"Keep quiet! Don't say anything more," he urged, in a low whisper. "I know that reporter, damn him! He'll make all he can out of this, anyhow."

And Forster was right. While policemen and trolleymen, aided by the crowd that seems always to spring up by magic at such times, did what they could to clear up the debris of the accident, while waiting for the coming of the wrecking crew, the reporter came over.

"Hello, Forster," he said. "Sorry. Not badly hurt, are you?"

"No, thanks. That you, Deane? What are you doing up here? Thought you were one of the lucky ones who worked Broadway?"

"Well, this is Broadway, isn't it?" said Deane, cheerfully. "I was sentenced up here for falling down. If I get a good story or two, though, I guess I'll get back to the real doings." His voice dropped and he spoke confidentially. "Say, be a good chap, Forster. What's the lady's name?"

"Miss Smith—Mary Smith, of 458 West Eighty-ninth street," said Forster, promptly. "And say, don't mention her name, Deane. I'll take it as a favor—"

"Pretty smooth—but it won't go," said Deane, chuckling. "Miss Vera Hayes sounds a lot better, and I've got a hunch she told the truth, too. Come across, Forster. What's the dope? Who is she? You know, you're supposed to be engaged to Miss Brewster."

"Go to hell!" snapped Forster. His nerves, strained, as Vera's had been, by the scene with her, snapped suddenly— and no wonder. A man who has just been through an automobile accident is in no condition to submit to heckling, something that Deane knew and had counted upon. Deane had no thought beyond getting his story. He needed the story to rehabilitate himself with his paper. Its effect on Forster, on Vera, on anyone, indeed, but himself, was something that did not interest him at all.

"Oh, it's like that, is it?" he said. He drew back a little. "I'm sorry, Forster. This seems to annoy you a lot. I've noticed that a good many men are mighty willing to do things—and then, when they get caught at them they expect the papers to hush up the facts for them. I'm not in that business, and neither is my paper. We're out to print the news."

Forster swore savagely, but he realized that there was nothing more to be said or done. Deane taking this stand was amusing, to one who knew him. Ordinarily, he would have been good fellow enough to fix things so that the accident would have had only trivial mention—which, indeed, as a news story, was all it deserved. But now, seeing a chance to square himself with his city editor, he would make as much of it as possible, especially because no other newspaper men were present. He could dress up the facts almost as he liked, short of inviting a libel suit.

Vera was far from understanding why Forster was so angry and disturbed. She didn't know what Deane could do. For that matter, neither did Forster. But he could guess that it would be something decidedly unpleasant. However, since it could not be helped, it must be endured.

When the ambuiance arrived, with the white coated surgeon from the Fordham Hospital, Forster gritted his teeth and managed to get on his feet. For a moment his head swam, and he thought he was going to faint—something he had never done, and which he, manlike, dreaded more than a really serious wound. But in a moment the dizziness left him, and he was able to take stock. The surgeon washed and dressed the cut over his eye, stopping the flow of blood, and he found it was not at all serious. His shoulder was rather badly wrenched, so that it gave him considerable pain to move it, and one ankle was sore—a ligament was pulled a little out of place, the surgeon said. But, on the whole, he had been lucky, while Vera's escape had been almost miraculous. She had been badly shaken, and when she had time to notice it, she found that her dress was torn, and that her hat was crushed. But she had not suffered even a scratch.

"All right," said the doctor. "You were playing in big luck. Queer sort of accident. Pretty hard luck, I'd say. Better get home as soon as you can. How about your car?"

That, it turned out, was temporarily out of commission, though it had suffered no injuries that could not be quickly repaired. A chauffeur on the trolley car volunteered to look after it and to see that it was towed to Forster's garage, and an errant taxicab, coming up from the subway terminal on the chance of picking a fare from the excitement, provided a substitute in which Forster took Vera home.

"I'm—you don't know how sorry I am for biurting out our names that way," she said.

"Forget it," he said, more cheerfully. He had had time to recover his balance, and his normal, joyous outlook had been restored to him. "Heaven knows what will happen. It's apt to be a penalty! But it's not your fault. That cuss Deane would have found out, anyhow. That's his business. Chances are it would have been worse if he hadn't got it the way he did. Can't blame him so much,

"Come Across, Forster—What's the Dope? Who is She?"

either. I suppose it means a good deal to him with his rag of a paper."

"Just the same, I'm sorry," said Vera. "Oh, I'm such a fool! I want you to promise me something. If Miss—if Miss Brewster makes a fuss, let me stand for whatever happens. Will you?"

"This isn't Miss Brewster's party," he said, rather grimly. "I suppose I'm unreasonable, but I'm getting just a little bit tired of being tagged as her pet dog, you know. You quit worrying, Vera. I got you into this fool mess, and I'll get you out, too. Think you'll be able to report for work to-morrow?"

"Sure," she said, brightening immediately. "You think I'd better? Really?"

"I think you've got to—if you can stand!" he said. "There'll be talk enough, anyhow. If either of us isn't there it'll be that much worse. When there's a knockers' convention assembled, with you for the knockee, always be there, early."

"But — surely — you're not thinking of working to-morrow!" she cried, aghast. "You're really hurt. You must stay in bed and look after yourself! Didn't that doctor say so?"

"Maybe he did, but he doesn't know it all, you know," said Forster. "You bet your boots I'll be there. Wouldn't miss it for a farm, even if I could, which I can't. Oh, cheer up. It'll be all right. Here we are at your place. Get to sleep if you can. Better take a good hot bath. Nothing like it to brace you up and steady your nerves so you can sleep after a shock."

She stopped him when he would have left the cab to help her out.

"Stay where you are," she said, pressing him back.

"Vera, you're the gamest little sport I ever saw!" he said. "I—I take back everything I said to-night after dinner! You were right and I was wrong. I was a skunk, too. You're a corker!"

Then she sat down in the machine for a moment. As he looked at her he was thrilled by her courage, and he took her hand.

She flushed a little, and leaned forward.

"You," she said, unsteadily. "You—oh—you're rather a dear!"

On a sudden impulse she leaned still further toward him. He felt the soft touch of her lips on his cheek. Then she was gone.

"Vera!" he cried, and made as if to follow her. But the door slammed, and he sank back, conscious of the fact that he still needed repairs before he could make sudden moves. He gave the cabman his address, and nerved himself to the jolting and bumping of the ramshackle taxicab.

Vera took her hot bath—and sank, as soon as her head touched the pillow, into the deep and untroubled sleep of youth and perfect health. She had had a shock, but it was not a serious one. And her constitution, good in the beginning, and replenished, of late, by decent work and decent food and decent ways of living, generally, was able to throw off a worse shock than this one. Then, too, a factor in her ability to sleep was her utter ignorance of what Deane might do, and her lack of the imagination needed to surmise his actions. She had no way of reasoning about him, and so she did not think of him at all.

But with Forster the case was different. He was more seriously affected by the accident than Vera, in the first place, and he was, though strong enough physically, possessed of a far more sensitive nervous organism than she. Also, on the subject of Deane and the story he would write, his imagination was decidedly active.

"Vera, You're the Gamest Little Sport I Ever Saw! I Take Back Everything I Said Tonight after Dinner"

Arrived at his bachelor apartment he went, not to his own rooms, but to those of a doctor resident in the building, one James Syms. Syms pronounced him all right.

"A week in bed will fix you, old top," he said, cheerfully. "There's a special providence watching you motormaniacs!"

"What d'ye mean—a week in bed?" said Forster, indignantly. "I've got to be on the job to-morrow morning, at the studio, at nine A. M.

Syms was a friend as well as a doctor. Therefore he took that statement at face value, and frowned. But he did not throw up his hands and talk about disobedience of orders.

"That's different," he said. "H'm! All right. Come on over to the Turkish bath. Apt not to be many people there to-night. I guess we can do business. I'm going to hurt you like the devil," he added, cheerfully.

Which he did. But massage, skillfully directed, and certain pullings and kneadings of displaced ligaments and muscles, together with the beneficent effects of the hot room and the steam room, did wonders. Under the merciless fingers of Syms and a burly ruffian devoid of human qualities, who was supposed to be a rubber, Forster suffered the tortures of the damned. But he emerged clear eyed in the morning, with only a patch over one eye and the slightest of limps as trophies of his experience. He had had two hours of blessed sleep, the by product of sheer exhaustion, when he stepped into the restaurant of the bath for breakfast at seven o'clock. And there he had the pleasure of reading Deane's story.

It was worse than he had imagined it could be—which is saying a good deal. There were pictures—of himself, of Beatrice Brewster, and of Vera—this last the photograph of the Crown Princess of Germany, slightly altered. But the paper's readers, of course, didn't know that, and, never having seen Vera, it was just as good as a true portrait of her. It was purposely blurred, too, in printing.

There was a picturesque account, with a moral worked into the tale, of what was described as a frantic joy ride. And there were speculations on the conduct of Miss Brewster, unblushingly described as Forster's fiancee.

But that was not the worst. Forster ground his teeth at the discovery that Miss Brewster had been aroused from her beauty sleep and had talked at length over the telephone to a reporter. She had expressed regret at the accident. Miss Hayes? Yes, she knew her. A little department store sales girl. Mr. Forster had very kindly interested himself in her. Their relations? Well, didn't this ride, with its almost tragic conclusion, speak rather plainly for them? Was she engaged to Mr. Forster? She must decline to answer! Would this affect the engagement, assuming one to exist? Again Miss Brewster must decline to answer! But naturally, the public and the newspapers could appreciate her feelings.

It was diabolically clever, all of it. Assertions of facts were few; suggestions and innuendoes were many. There was nothing upon which Forster or Vera could seize as the basis of a suit for libel, and yet their reputations were wrecked as surely as if definite accusations had been made. And Beatrice Brewster's hand in the trouble was only too plainly to be seen. She had evidently been made furiously angry by what Deane had told her; she had supplied him with hints, evidently, that had bolstered up his cleverly contrived story.

Syms joined him as he finished the fruit. He had a copy of Deane's paper in his hand; as he saw the angry frown that distorted Forster's face he smiled, slightly.

"Don't take this too seriously, Harry," he said. "No one else will. Everyone knows this rag. And I seem to recognize the fine Italian hand of the man who wrote it. I thought they had fired Deane?"

"No, only exiled him to the Bronx, where he was all ready to be on hand when that fool car got in my way!"

"Well, I see why you wanted to be fixed up for this morning," said Syms. "You were dead right. It's up to you to face the music. Well, good luck!"

Forster was on hand earlier than any of the company at the studio—which gave him a considerable advantage, and, indirectly helped Vera as well. Everyone had read the story, of course; equally, everyone wanted to talk about it. But Forster's busy, uncommunicative presence made the gathering of little, chattering groups impossible. He replied briefly to questions about the accident, minimizing its importance.

"I don't look as if I were very badly hurt, do I?" he would say. "Miss Hayes? She'll be here to speak for herself. The whole thing was grossly exaggerated. Forget it, please. We've got work to do here to-day, you know."

Vera came in precisely on time, neither early nor late. In three minutes she was at work, with everyone else. And the studio presented a scene of considerable animation when Beatrice

(Continued on page 32)

# THE WORLD'S GREATEST WAR

© International News Service

Unloading Provisions at the Railroad Station at Namur for the Belgian Troops

© Underwood & Underwood

Servian Refugees Leaving Belgrade Shortly before Their Capital was Bombarded by the Austrians

© International News Service

The Servian Infantry Firing Formation. The First Row is Lying Down, the Second is Kneeling, While the Third is Standing

© Underwood & Underwood

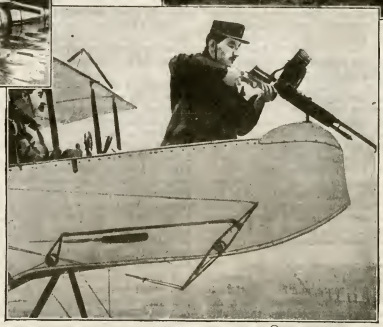
A Magnificent Chateau Perched on a Lofty Cliff Overlooking the Mewa River near Dinant, Belgium. Dispatches Say that the French Troops Used this Chateau and Others as an Aid in Repelling the German Attacks

Photo by International News Service

Austrian Troops Constructing a Pontoon Bridge to Aid Their Advance into Servia

© Underwood & Underwood

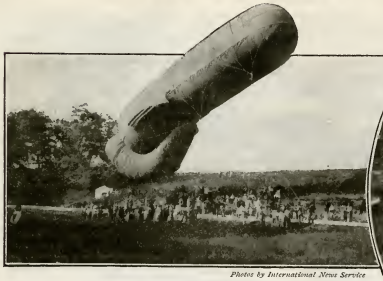
German Jack Tars Lowering Their Wounded into a Ship Hospital between Decks



© Underwood & Underwood

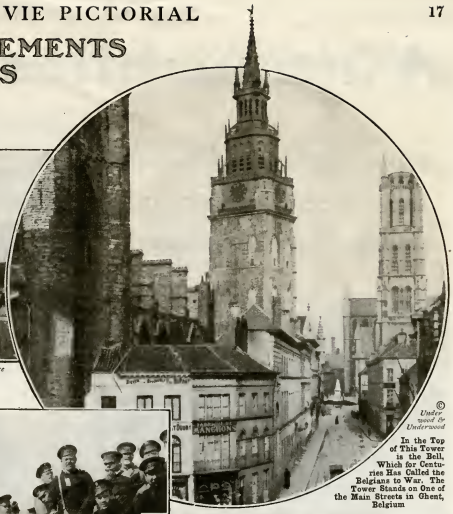
Many of the French Sky-Cruisers were Built to Carry Sharp Shooters and a Rapid Fire Gun, and this Combination has Wrought Much Destruction, Especially among the Big German Dirigibles

# MODERN WAR IMPLEMENTS AND FIGHTERS



*Photos by International News Service*

One of the Large Austrian Balloons Used in Scouting along the French Border

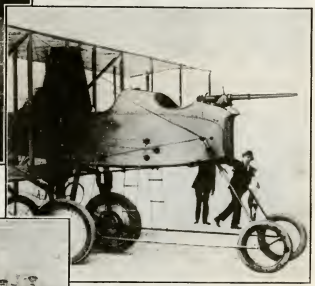


© *Underwood & Underwood*

In the Top of This Tower is the Bell, Which for Centuries Has Called the Belgians to War. The Tower Stands on One of the Main Streets in Ghent, Belgium

© *Underwood & Underwood*

A Train-load of the Czar's Soldiers Departing for the Front to Resist the German Invasion



© *Photo by International News Service*

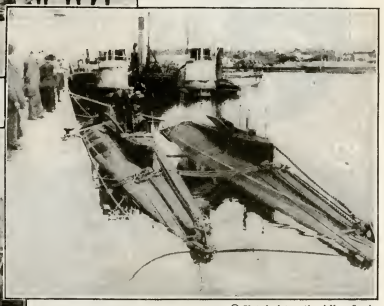
One of the New French Aeroplanes, on Which is Mounted a One-inch Rapid Fire Gun, the Recoil of Which is Absorbed in the Breech, and Does Not Affect the Flight of the Machine

*Photo by International News Service*

The Crown Prince of Germany Who is at the Head of 50,000 Men, Forming a Part of the German Invading Army

© *Underwood & Underwood*

English Soldiers Guarding the London Bridge Railway Station, One of the Principal Stations Used for Transportation Purposes



© *Photo by International News Service*

English Submarines Shortly Before They Departed to Blockade the Kiel Canal

© *Underwood & Underwood*

Czar of Russia (in Center Wearing a White Blouse) Saluting One of His Regiments Passing in Review Just before the Men Entrained for the Front

# Automobiles and War

## How Motor Vehicles are Proving Their Worth in Europe

*Photo by International News Service*

**A Squad of Army Trucks Carrying Aeroplanes, to be Put Aboard Transports for Belgium**

*Photo by International News Service*

**English Troops Leaving for the Front. Aeroplane Propeller in Its Case Strapped on the Side of a Motor Truck**

*Photo by International News Service*

**The British War Office Requisitioned Practically all the Motor Busses in London for the Transportation of Troops and Ammunition During the Recent Mobilization**

*Photo by International News Service*

**The Twenty-Fifth Cyclist Battalion of London with Maxim Guns on Motor Trucks on Their Way to the Front**

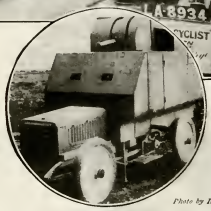
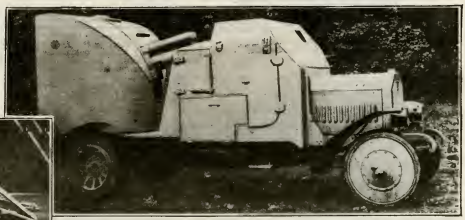
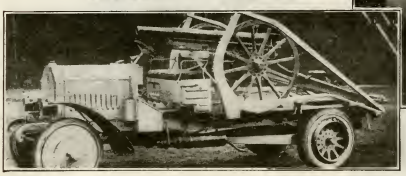


*Photo by International News Service*

**One of the British Army Autos, Equipped with a Deadly Aeroplane Gun**





**An English Auto-Truck, Which was Dismantled and Sent to Belgium with the First Expedition, is Seen Above. The Photo at the Left is the Same Machine, After it Had Been Stripped of Its Armor Plate at Dover.**

*Photos by International News Service*

As He was Dragged Away, He Saw Mary Warren Clinging to Her Husband

# The Derelict and the Man

## By BRUCE WESTFALL

*ADAPTED FROM THE SCENARIO OF CAPTAIN LESLIE T. PEACOCKE*

*ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE VICTOR FILM*

"I WISH you were going too, dearest," said Warren.

He looked at his wife with the deep affection he felt for her showing in his eyes. They were married lovers, these two; nothing more serious than a lover's quarrel had ever come between them to mar a happiness their friends were wont to speak of as ideal. She was packing his last bag now; she looked up from the task with a little smile that tried, unsuccessfully, to mask the real sorrow that lay behind it.

"So do I," she said. "Ah, Frank, you must know it! But I can't go—can I? With things as they are—I owe something, after all, to my father. And he is an old man. . . . "

"I know, dearest," said Dr. Warren. "I am sorry—for that reason as well as many others—that I must go myself. Still—Mason is good—as good as I am, certainly, and probably a good deal better. I've explained your father's case to him thoroughly. He knows it now as well as I do myself. You can depend upon him utterly. He will do everything that I would do myself. I don't believe there's any cause for immediate anxiety. But—your father is not a young man. And in his illness there is always the danger of a sudden complication. An emergency may arise at any moment, but Mason is just the man to meet it."

"He isn't you," said Mary Warren. Her lips trembled a little. "But I'm selfish—just as you are going! I know you must go, Frank—and it's wonderful that things are as they are! To think that the long struggle just to make a living is over—that you can afford, now, to do the sort of work you have always wanted to do! That you are going to be able to give up your time to research! Oh, I'm so happy over that, that I can give you up for this voyage!"

"It *is* wonderful," said Warren, a light coming into his eyes. He looked up from the papers he was examining for a moment. "I care very little for money—except for your sake, my dear. But this means so much more than money. It means that I can be of some service to the world—that I can leave behind me the name of a man who has done something that will help others. Dear, I'm nearer than anyone believes to the discovery of the cause of cancer—and if I find the cause the cure will follow. We can always do that. It won't make any difference whether I'm the one who happens to strike the cure. It's when we don't know what makes the trouble that we're so helpless. And to think that a man I've never seen should leave me this money!'

"He knew all about you. He's probably watched your career," said his wife, jealously. "People call such things chance—they'll say you were lucky. But such things don't come by chance. This uncle of yours hadn't spoken to your mother for years—had ignored her existence, and your own. And yet—in the end, he leaves you this great fortune! Of course he knew all about you, my dear! I can forgive him for everything—even for taking you away from me now—for what he makes it possible for you to do!"

It had been agreed between Warren and his wife that their farewells should be said at the house, and that she should not go to the pier to see his steamer sail. They had never before been separated for more than two or three days since their marriage, and it was hard for both of them, even though his trip was to be a short one. He was to go to England, proceed with the necessary formalities of proving his claim to his uncle's estate, and return as soon as the matter was settled. With luck, he reckoned, a month would see the whole business disposed of, and he would be back with Mary, ready to turn over much of his general practice to an assistant and devote himself almost entirely to the research work that was his absorbing passion and his life work.

And so he sailed away, looking back wistfully at the skyline of New York. He did not expect to enjoy the trip. And yet there was every reason why he should do so. He had plenty of money, and would have much more, for he would be a rich man now, no matter how much his research work might cost. He was a passenger on one of the finest vessels of the fleet of ocean greyhounds, and everything that could be devised to add to the comfort and the luxury of its passengers was in evidence. And the comfort and luxury of it all, the sheer joy of knowing that there was no work for him to do, had its effect on Warren after the first two days. His life had been a busy one; he had taken few vacations. And here, on the ocean, he had the feeling that he had utterly escaped, for a brief breathing spell, from his work.

It was on the fourth day out that he noticed the man Dow. His first sight of him startled him. Warren was glancing at his tie in a mirror, as he made his way toward the deck, when the man's face was reflected beside his own. And—it was his own face that he saw! His own face, as it might have been—seamed, distorted in some vague and terrible way. Though the general effect was startlingly different, in certain ways, every feature was the same. Warren turned, with a start, to look at the man himself, and found Dow regarding him with a fixed stare. Dow wore a steward's uniform; he had the servile look that went with it. And yet, as their eyes met, that disappeared, and the resemblance between them became even greater. For the moment they faced one another, man to man.

"Why—why—you look like me—you're my double!" said Warren.

"Yessir," said Dow, servile once more. "Beg your pardon, sir, I'm sure—hope you'll excuse the liberty, sir—"

Warren laughed, a short, sharp laugh, of annoyance.

"Don't be a fool, man," he said. "It's not your fault, is it?

As He Took Her in His Arms, He Knew That He was Safe

By God, this is curious! Here, when are you off duty?"

"Ten o'clock, sir," said Dow.

"Then meet me on the upper deck. If there's any rule against it I'll speak to the purser. I want a talk with you, my man."

Through dinner he pondered over the strange resemblance. It caught and held his imagination. And, with the scientific mind he tried to explain it, to analyze it, to account for it. He waited with suppressed impatience for the meeting.

"Tell me about yourself," said Warren, when the steward met him and they had taken two empty chairs.

"It's a short story—soon told," said Dow, with a touch of bitterness. "I'm a rotter, I suppose. I'm no good. My family was all right—though I don't know what it was!" He laughed—an ugly laugh. "My father—you'll understand?—didn't own me. He looked after me, though, even when he wouldn't give me his name. I went to school—even to college. Then I was turned loose, with twenty-five thousand dollars for a start. Fair enough—for a man without a father! And—I drank and gambled through it. I had the rotten strain in me. I went from bad to worse. Then I pulled up—stopped drinking. But I'd gone too far. This was the best work I could get—I, a college man!"

Warren sucked in his breath.

"Nonsense," he said, abruptly. "You say you quit drinking? Man alive, do you know how many men can do that? Not one in a thousand! That's fine—that's splendid! The rest will come. I'll help it come, too—and be only too glad to do it."

He paused for a moment.

"You know," he went on, reflectively, "such resemblances as ours are never accidental. Nature doesn't do things that way. When men are doubles there is a tie between them—consanguinity. That's invariable. You and I spring from the same stem, somewhere. It may be a long way back—it may be recent. You might be my cousin—once or many times removed. Some kinship there certainly is. And chance has made me successful, rich—and you a—"

"Say it—a derelict!" said Dow, bitterly.

"We'll have to stick together, now that we've met," said Warren, ignoring his tone. "There's a sort of obligation. I've had more than my share of the luck, you see. So you'll be all right after this, Dow. I'll see that you get your chance. After that it will be up to you again. But I think you'll make good—this time."

"I hope so," said Dow. "Excuse me if I don't say much, will you? This is—well, it's rather a knock out, isn't it?"

Warren smiled—as much at Dow's reversion to the talk of the class from which he had slipped, as at anything else. Here was a quick and sudden shifting from the mental attitude of the steward who had apologized so humbly for presuming to resemble a passenger! It gave him a trifling insight into the man's character, too. He cherished no illusions about Dow. The man had been battered; he had grown bitter as a result. He blamed the world rather than himself and with some justice. And yet, unless he had invited it to do so, the world would not have treated him so. A dangerous man, this Dow; one to be helped with discretion, and to be watched carefully. And yet one he must help, by all means. For there was no sort of doubt in Warren's mind that this man's veins and his held the same blood.

They talked on, after that, in a fashion more or less desultory. Warren, more to put some element of ease into the conversation than for any other reason, talked of his home, of his wife—this, with enthusiasm and flashing eyes. Dow, too, told more of himself. When they parted for the night each man knew the other pretty well. It was agreed, moreover, that Dow should leave the ship at Queenstown with Warren and go to London with him. Then further arrangements could be made. To meet and talk further on board would excite too much comment.

And it was here that fate intervened. The world knows the tragedy that was lurking in the fog off the Irish coast. It knows how the ship was splintered on a rock; how she sank before her wireless call for help was heard and how hundreds perished. So terrific and overwhelming was the disaster that all details were engulfed with the steamer.

Fate intervened again. She willed it that Dow, cast up in a rocky cove, should have seen a body tossing about, just within his reach—the body of Warren. He drew it in; a glance satisfied him that the doctor was dead. He cursed with blasphemies such as he had never dared to voice before. As he looked down on the man who had held out the hand of hope to him he was minded to join him in death. For now his last chance was gone. But then, suddenly, inspiration came to him with his sight of Warren's face, so like his own. For a moment he stood trembling. Then: "By God—I'll do it!" he cried.

Shuddering a little he went through Warren's pockets. He found papers, letters of credit; all he needed to establish himself as Warren. Warren himself had told him those personal things that he needed to know; such lapses as there might be he felt himself clever enough to provide for. Not for a moment did he dream of a long continued deception; he wanted to impersonate Warren only long enough to feather his nest, to provide for his future.

And that he seemed sure to do. The lawyers in London accepted him, on the evidence of his papers and a photograph they possessed, without question. He cabled to Warren's wife; she returned an overjoyed answer. And, within two weeks, he was on his way back to America, plentifully supplied with money, and with the assurance of the lawyers that, as soon as certain formalities had been complied with, several hundred thousand dollars, the first installment of the estate of Warren's uncle, would be forwarded to him. He would wait for that; then he would disabuse Warren's wife and vanish. After all—was he taking more than his due? Warren had meant to help him—probably he was as close a relative of the dead uncle of the money bags as Warren himself. Might he not be closer, indeed? Might he not be his son?

They Fought Their Way Out of the Room and Down the Stairs

Mary Warren's anxiety after the news of the wreck had been mercifully brief. For a few days she had endured untold agony; then the cable had come. Her father had definitely recovered; he seemed sure now to live for many years. And Mason, the doctor to whom Warren's patients had been turned over, had gone away. He had tried to comfort Mary when the news of the wreck came; he had not been present when she received the cablegram sent by Dow in his double's name.

And it was, therefore, a dreadful shock to Mason when he returned to find that Warren was hourly expected. For—in Warren's death he had seen his chance. He had grown to love Mary Warren; he had known, however, that while Warren lived there was no chance for him. With Warren dead he felt that he might win her. And the revulsion was too much for him. Feeling that he was sure of her, his whole nature was undermined by the discovery that she was more remote than ever. And in that moment he determined to get rid of Warren. He might never have reached such a desperate determination had not the interval in which he supposed Warren to be dead given him a vision of happiness. Now, however, his mind was made up.

Dow, meanwhile, returning, was torn by a fearful doubt, a dreadful anxiety. He had succeeded incredibly so far; could he hope to continue to do so? Could he hope to deceive Warren's wife? There was the test. He dreaded it; yet, to gain all he hoped for, he must face it boldly.

She waited for him in the garden of their lovely house. And as he took her in his arms he knew that he was safe. She did not suspect him. But, even in that moment of triumph, the ghost of failure haunted him. For, even while he held Mary Warren in his arms, he saw, over her shoulder, an evil face, peering at him from the bushes. With a suppressed start he recognized it. It was a man with whom he had been associated in the days before he had made his great effort to reform—a pickpocket, named Swain. He had caught a glimpse of the man near the pier.

What had happened was all too plain. Swain, recognizing him, seeing him prosperous, had followed him! As soon as possible he got away from Warren's wife and went back, alone to the garden. And there Swain waited for him—with two others of his kind.

"We're on to youse," said Swain, without prelude. "We've got your game spotted, cul. An'—we won't split. Not if you treat us right. I've got the whole lay. Ten thou. apiece for us—and we're mum!"

Dow was not lacking in grit. In a moment he made up his mind.

"You can go to hell!" he said, savagely. "You're crazy — and you'll never dare split. I won't pay a cent. And I give you thirty seconds to get out of here!"

They slunk away. But there was that in their eyes that might have warned Dow. True, they dared not betray him. But they were the sort to strike in the dark. And, indeed, strike they did. For a week later Dow was brought to Warren's house, suffering from a dangerous wound, inflicted by a knife. He had been stabbed in the abdomen; his escape from instant death was remarkable. Mason, called in, showed the deepest concern; he said, however, that he thought there was no danger. In his secret heart he

knew the truth; that the man who stood between him and the woman he loved would never leave his house alive. If the wound was not enough Mason knew what he would do.

And then, like a bolt from the blue, came Warren himself! He had not died. Fishermen had found him, just as his senses were returning. He had been stunned, not dead, when Dow had left him. But his mind had been a blank. Only the chance that had kept Dow from finding one paper, a letter from the London lawyers, had saved Warren from an asylum. They had answered the call; had seen at once his resemblance to the man who had come to them, and had seen to his care until he could account for himself. He had guessed Dow's hand in the affair at once. And he had sailed for home, enjoining strict secrecy upon the lawyers, planning to catch Dow red handed.

"Frank", She Cried, 'Is It You—This Time?"

Mary Warren, hovering over Dow's bedside, supposing him to be her husband, had seemed to the wounded man an angel. And, knowing himself near death, he had been moved to confess. He told her everything.

"I—I've been decent to you," he said, feebly. "You've wondered why I was so cold—but—"

She fled. She wanted to be alone with her grief, doubly terrible now, doubly hard to bear. And flying downstairs, she was in time to hear a servant scream:

"The master! And him upstairs!"

She started. Then she flew to the hall. And there was Warren, her own husband!

"Frank!" she cried. 'Is it you—this time?"

In his arms she knew that she was safe at last. And then she told him of Dow, and of his confession and of his present danger.

"Poor devil!" said Warren. "He's weak—that's the worst of him. He confessed, you see—and he's done no great harm. I must go."

He went upstairs, quietly. And, as he entered the room, he stopped. The wounded man was lying with his face turned away. By the bed was Mason. And as Warren looked he saw Mason furtively pour a few drops from a phial into a glass of medicine. A faint, pervasive odor came to Warren, and he started with horror. Then he saw Mason's face in a mirror. In it there was a look of such concentrated malice that Warren, all at once, understood. Mason thought he was lying there; he was trying to poison him.

"Here, old man—take this," said Mason. "It'll—"

With one leap Warren was at his side. He struck the glass from his hand.

"You murderer!" he cried.

Mason shrieked once. Then he must have seen the truth. He seized a chair for a weapon; the next moment he would have brained Warren with it. He was mad, stark mad for the moment. But it was Dow, the derelict, who received the blow. He had seen the danger; he intercepted the terrific blow. And then Warren, seeing that Mason had killed Dow, went mad with rage, as mad as Mason himself. They came to grips; they fought their way out of the room and down the stairs. Now Mason sought only to escape. But he was helpless. Only the coming of the police saved him. And, as he was dragged away, he saw Mary in her husband's arms.

# Los Angeles—The Movie Mecca

(Continued from page 9)

possible for a company director to count absolutely upon the sunshine requisite for picture-making. The saving of money in this way alone must run into hundreds of thousands of dollars every year for the companies. One must add to this also the fact that constant employment is a notable factor against that demoralization of film companies, such as has been known to occur when several days of idleness have thrown scores of people out of the working mood.

In addition to the advantages of its climate Los Angeles has other advantages to offer to the motion picture makers. The existence of these points of preeminence has already brought the manufacturers out of the east, so that their enumeration here is not a lure, but a statement of facts already weighed in the balance.

But Los Angeles possesses many other advantages. The city itself furnishes about all that could be desired in the way of city sets. It has big hotels, sky scrapers, alleys, tenements, busy streets and huge stores. In the suburbs, Hollywood, Pasadena, and Glendale, can be found mansions of every style of architecture, Italian, English, Scotch, French, Eastern—what you will—from the millionaire's residence to the bricklayer's humble cottage.

A little further out—a short automobile ride—and the necessary settings for farm, ranch, river, waterfall and mountain scenes can be had. Even snow-capped mountains are at hand at almost any season. A few hours' ride brings one to desert scenery, to desolation enough to satisfy the most exacting director. Forests there are too, any number of them, of every variety of tree and there are miles and miles of vineyards, wheat and alfalfa fields, and of truck gardens, of orange and lemon groves, olive and apple orchards.

Not far from the city are old Indian dwellings and caves which were used by the red men in days agone and there are the quaint and genuine old mission buildings which have furnished the background and, indeed, the story for many a photoplay.

A short journey in a steamboat and picturesque islands await the camera man and his victims, and it is not such a far call to the entrance to the Golden Gate, the oil fields and the gold and silver mines.

There is another feature of life in Los Angeles that the motion picture makers have found of immense value to them. There is no other city of its size in the United States that has the "local color" that Los Angeles possesses in its cosmopolitan population. Even New York lacks the Oriental element that makes for picturesqueness, even though it causes diplomatic complications. The Los Angeles Chinatown has grown, especially since the San Francisco fire, so that it is now quite as much a feature of the city as was the San Francisco Chinatown of the city farther north. Japanese are also common in Los Angeles and they, too, have their colonies. In California, also, so many of the Chinese wear their native costumes that their appearance is much more vividly picturesque than it is in the eastern states. East Indians, some of them clad in the white robes and the turbans of their native country, are not uncommon on the streets. Mexicans, wearing wide, silver-braided sombreros and silver-braided coats, with clanking spurs and rattling silver watch chains, may be seen loitering around the street corners. Indians, no longer in war paint, but none the less alien, pass through the highways and byways. Russians there are, too, a large colony of them. And Southern California is the paradise of the Latin who comes to America.

Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, southern French, they find the climate of Southern California more suited to their temperaments and their habits than the colder places of the north. Throughout the state they are scattered, though they are more numerous in the vicinity of Los Angeles where access to market is easy from the small farms which they are cultivating.

The utilization of all these elements have made possible pictures that might actually have been taken in Italy, in France, in Poland, in Russia, even in China and Japan. One of the greatest pictures of Alaska ever produced was taken in Southern California with a truthfulness to Alaskan shore scenery that deceived even travellers familiar with the "last lone land."

With all these advantages it is easy to understand that unless an earthquake buries the city or the climate alters completely, that Los Angeles will continue to be the Mecca of the Manufacturers of Motion Pictures. In the course of time I fully expect to see most of the companies possess complete laboratories in Los Angeles and simply ship their positives to New York for distribution. Already several prominent companies are doing this and one at least is shipping its positives to Europe and it is quite in the realm of possibility that in time many of them will distribute their positives direct from their plants—in Los Angeles.

# "The Call of the North"

## *A Wild Tale of the Snow Country*

FIVE-REEL LASKY FILM, FEATURING ROBERT EDISON.

WHEN Galen Albret, the factor at one of the trading posts of a great fur company in the northwest, married Elodie, daughter of one of the traders, he married the betrothed of Rand, a trapper and trader. And Rand, unable to revenge himself in any other way, poisons Albret's mind against his friend Gracham Stewart, making him believe that Elodie and Gracham love each other. Albret, who is absolute lord of the post, condemns Stewart to *La Longue Traverse*. This means that Stewart must start out, without food or gun, and try to reach the nearest settlement, five hundred miles away. Stewart knows that it is a journey of death and, before he starts out, sends his five-year-old son to his people in Montreal. And it is this son, grown to manhood, who comes back to the northwest twenty years later, lured by the desire to live in that wild country, and with the purpose in mind of discovering how his father had died. The laws of the company about trespassers are very severe, and Ned Stewart is a trespasser and as such is caught and brought before the factor, Galen Albret. The factor condemns him, as he did Ned's father, to take *La Longue Traverse*, the journey of death. In the meantime, Albret's daughter, Virginia, has fallen in love with young Ned Stewart, and pleads with her father for his life, but to no avail. But Rand, at the end of twenty years, confesses his crime. Albret tries to make amends by consenting to Ned's and Virginia's marriage.

Robert Edison Plays the Part of Young *Ned Stewart*

When *Ned* Meets *Virginia*, the Factor's Daughter, It is a Case of Love at First Sight

*Ned Stewart* Has Secured a Rifle and Has Only Just Started Out on His Journey of Death When He is Overtaken and Captured by One of the Factor's Indian Guides

Without any Hesitation, *Galen Albret* Condemns His Friend to Start Out on *La Longue Traverse*, the Journey of Death

The Company's Laws about Trespassing are Severe, and Young *Ned Stewart* is a Trespasser and is Therefore Taken Captive

*A Complete Novelette of this Production appears in the October Photoplay Magazine*

What Black Abyss Now Shelters the Treasure-Box!

A Heated Discussion that Consigned the Box to the Hungry Sea

*Florence's* True Aim Had Driven Braine to Cover

Startling Information Confronted the Arch Villain

The Man at *Jones'* Side was Marked for Fate

# "Million Dollar Mystery"

***Thanhouser's $1,000,000 Motion Picture Production***

EPISODE 12—THE ELUSIVE TREASURE-BOX

CAST.

*Stanley Hargreave*, the millionaire...Alfred Norton
*Florence Gray*, Hargreave's daughter.....
.....Florence LaBadie
*Jones*, Hargreave's butler.....Sidney Bracey
*The Countess Olga*.....Marguerite Snow
*Braine*, leader of the Black Hundred.....
.....Frank Farrington
*Jim Norton*, a newspaper reporter.....James Cruze
*Susan Farlowe*, Florence's companion..Lila Chester

SYNOPSIS.

AS THE anchor arises from the water, a sailor on a tramp steamer, due to sail for the Bahamas, notices a strange box suspended from the iron prong—climbs down the chains—takes it from its uncertain position. As he smuggles it to his room, he wonders at its painted inscription: "Stanley Hargreave." Arrived at their destination, he attempts to take the box ashore—quarrels with a fellow sailor, and the box slips into the sea! About this time a mysterious stranger calls on Jones. Who is he—twin, double or—who? As Braine and Olga watch through the shrubbery, Braine raises his pistol to fire. Florence, through her window above, sees him, grasps a revolver, fires—Braine's right arm drops limp at his side! Upon the sailor's return, he talks volubly about the treasure-chest. Vroon hears—calls into service a man with a wonderful deep-sea diving record—and at the Bahamas the box is rescued from the sea. Brought north, it is hurried to the Black Hundred rooms. They crowd around it to view its contents. The lights go out. The box is gone; with it three Black Hundred members vanish! Who were the traitors?

An Ordinary Clothes-line was to Unseal Black Hundred Secrets!

The Tropic Seas Were to Tell Their Tale of Waiting Wealth!

# The Moving Picture Game

## V--Elevating an "Extra" Girl to Rank of Star

By Frank M. Wiltermood

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY B. VAN NICE

ENTERING the scenario house the next morning, I told the head of the department, Bronzel, and the other office employes that I had found a purse near the studios and that if anybody made inquiry concerning it to send him to me. And then I fell energetically to work at my new task of reading and appraising manuscripts. The morning mail soon arrived, adding about 100 scripts to the several hundred lying in stacks on a table near my desk.

Referring now to the diary I then kept to record my experiences as an amateur in photoplaywriting, I find that among the first scenarios I read that morning was a drama, accompanied by a letter from the owner of a brewery, in which he offered to pay a considerable amount of money to the company if it would produce his photoplay and ingeniously introduce in several of the leading scenes a bottle bearing the label of his malt product. He stated he desired to advertise the beer among theatregoers. His idea was to have several score of film prints made and allow exhibitors everywhere to have free use of the film for several days. I referred his screed to Bronzel and he passed it on to the company heads who, I learned later, simply returned the script to its author as "impracticable."

Another scenario which I read was penned by an artist in La Belle France, and was illustrated with several dozen artistic water-color drawings of the costumes and most important scenes, which bore mute witness to the fact that the author had undoubtedly expended a great deal of time and labor in painting the cards. His drama depicted episodes in the life of Madame Pompadour and, as I did not care to reject it on my own initiative, I put the manuscript aside for Bronzel's scrutiny.

Shortly after 9 o'clock that morning Bronzel ushered into my presence a young woman, saying:

"This is Miss Brent. I believe she is the loser of a purse," and withdrew. Realizing that the champion cowgirl equestrienne of New Mexico and Arizona had come to claim her property, I looked up with eager curiosity and discovered a girl about twenty-five years, tall and well built, though she gave an impression of slimness, dressed in the loosely fitting outdoor garments. She was good-looking, slightly thin-faced, her eyes large, brown and clear and her skin brown and smooth. She wore a short khaki skirt and her hat, of gray felt, was decidedly mannish. Her appearance suggested a young woman who had lived much out of doors and could easily take care of herself, her dignity and her conscience in almost any situation.

I liked her at once and, desiring to "make" conversation, I asked:

"The purse you lost, what did it contain?"

"Mostly bills from people I owe money to," she answered, laughing. I opened a drawer in my desk, took out the purse and handed it to her. After she had thanked me I managed by a few friendly questions to get her to talk about herself.

"You see," she said, "I am an 'extra' girl here, but lately the directors have not been putting on any Westerns and I haven't been able to get more than one or two days' work a week. I have my widowed mother to support. We live in a small cottage in the city and things have gone so rough with me financially that last week I had to sell my riding saddle for about half what I paid for it two months ago. If you could help me in any way to get more work in the pictures, I and my mother would be very grateful."

She told me a good deal about her mother and even more about her work; of her prowess as a horsewoman, of how she had made a pet of one of the company's steeds, "Jimmie," and had trained him to do all sorts of clever tricks.

She Wore a Short Khaki Skirt and Her Hat, of Gray Felt, Was Decidedly Mannish

Her frankness and her need aroused my sympathy and when I finally shook hands with her and she withdrew, I promised to see what I could do. A few minutes later, Bronzel, Hartman, manager of the studios, and Bruce, a director, came in hurriedly and Hartman said to me:

"This is Mr. Bruce, looking for a good three-reel Western or Indian-military to begin work on. His leading woman, Miss Heaton, fell ill last night, tying up the picture Bruce has been making the last five days and we can't go on with it until Miss Heaton recovers. Bronzel is writing a four-reeler and can't stop to aid Bruce. Now I want you to leave off reading scripts and dope out a feature. And say, there are about thirty cowboys and twenty Indians here, on the company's payroll, and these fellows board and lodge with us. There have been no pictures put on lately that required their services to any extent. They are eating their heads off—at the company's expense. Write them all into the drama you fix up for Bruce. Make 'em work. We'll use the old stage coach—and all the horses, too."

"Sure," I answered, smiling, nodding my head. "Sit down, Mr. Bruce," I continued, "and we'll talk it over."

As Bruce seated himself beside my desk, Bronzel and Hartman departed, unmercifully abandoning me to my fate as an emergency performer in rapid-fire scenario composition. Bruce asked me if I had any first class Indian-military melodramas on hand for him to look over and get some good ideas.

"Why no," I answered, hesitatingly, "but I think I might be able to write a scenario of that kind. You can give me a couple of days on the work, can't you?"

"Couple of days nothing," Bruce answered, impatiently. "I've got to get to work at once, to keep my actors and actresses busy. It's 10 o'clock now. You can have three hours to dope out the script. What sort of a story will it be?"

While Bruce rattled on I was sub-consciously remembering that greatest of all warriors against Red Men, Custer, and I replied slowly, almost nonchalantly:

"Oh, I'll write it around General Custer's exploits in Nebraska, in the River Platte country, and ring in everything I can about stage coaches, soldiers and cowboys fighting Indians and all that. Come back at 1 o'clock."

"Fine," said Bruce, rising. "I'll round up all my people, tell the Indians and cowboys to be ready at 1 o'clock and I'll make 300 or 400 feet of film yet before dusk. So long."

Bruce walked hurriedly out of the library. I leaned back in my swivel chair, lighted a cigar and gazed absently out of the nearby window at a flock of birds on the lawn, and meditated, as Mr. Pickwick once mused, on "the mutability of human affairs."

On the wall over my desk a large old clock ticked loudly and I fancied it was calling to me, "Hurry up, hurry up; write it, write it, write it!" Staring out through the window, I noticed a young woman hurrying across the lawn, Lottie! An inspiration seized me to make use of her talents by putting her and the trick horse, "Jimmie," into the melodrama. Having had fifteen years' experience as a newspaper reporter and editor before becoming a scenario student, I had learned to make quick decisions and so I resolved that in the work confronting me I would do all in my power to help Miss Brent liquidate those debts she owed, by making her a star.

Hurrying from the room to the lawn, I beckoned to Miss Brent. She came quickly to my side, and I said:

"Miss Brent, I have arranged for you to play the part of an Indian princess in Bruce's next picture, on which he will begin work at 1 o'clock today. Go to the costuming house, select the best outfit on hand and tell the head of that department to phone to me for an O. K. on the order. Dress yourself at noon, get the horse, 'Jimmie,' and be here at 1 o'clock ready to start in. Remember, you are to be the daughter of a Sioux chief—and don't plaster too much makeup on your face; simply stain it a light brown. Get a nice black wig and beaded head band, a la Hiawatha—you know the style."

Miss Brent's mouth involuntarily opened, her eyes dilated and she stared at me with a look half of surprised glee and half of dreamy disbelief.

"You aint kidding me, are you?" she queried, smilingly, wonderingly.

"Do as I tell you," I said, earnestly. "Be here at one."

She hurried away. I returned to the library. Calling into the room the most expert stenographer in the scenario department I began the composition of the film play. We worked silently, and at a rate of speed that I don't care to "put on" very often.

For Miss Brent I created the role of an Indian princess and made her appear prominently in almost all of the 105 scenes in the scenario. The story showed how the beautiful daughter of a Sioux chief was befriended by the white hero, one of General Custer's military lieutenants, how she grew to love him and rode madly to warn the whites of an impending attack by the Indians.

For the climax there was a battle between the Sioux and the soldiers, the latter being aided by a band of cowboys. The stage coach was featured, as were also several running fights between mounted whites and Indians. The blowing up of a river bridge by soldiers, while the structure was crowded with many fighting Sioux, formed a feature of the second reel.

When noon arrived the melodrama was two-thirds completed, and I asked the stenographer to forget about luncheon until the photoplay was finished. At a quarter to 1 o'clock Bruce came to the window, peered in at me and asked:

"Ready yet? Can I have what you have written of the script and the synopsis and cast?"

"Yes, here they are," I replied, raising the window and handing out the sheets. Bruce grasped the pages eagerly, sat down near the window and read the text. I quickly wrote the concluding part of the scenario, making the final, fade-out scene at five minutes to one. I called to Bruce as he entered the library. He asked, rather testily:

"Who is this Lottie Brent you've got starred up close to the camera in nearly every scene?"

I looked out across the campus and, there sure enough, was Miss Brent garbed as a Sioux beauty and astride of "Jimmie."

"There she is," I answered, boldly confident. "She is the best woman rough-rider in the country and I want you to give her this part. I wrote it for her and I know she will make good."

"You've got a lot of assurance," said Bruce, smiling cynically, "to cast people for me. How do I know that the girl will screen well?"

"Screen well?" I faltered. "What do you mean?"

"Why," Bruce answered, "a woman or man might be handsome, have the physique of an Apollo or a Diana and still, because of the color of the eyes and the general individual appearance, not look well on the screen. But it's too late now. I'll take a chance on Lottie. Thank you for your quick work on this script. Come up the valley this afternoon and see me grind off the film. Bring the 'order of scenes' with you. So long."

At 3 o'clock that afternoon I told Bronzel that I would like to spend the rest of the day watching Bruce and his players make scenes in my rapidly-created photoplay. He told me to go ahead and enjoy myself, cheerfully adding that he would have another "scenarioist" employed in the department read the scripts piled up in the library. As I strolled up the valley, between the scenario house and the hills, I heard the sound of rifle cartridges exploding and I realized that Director Bruce was actively earning his salary of $150 a week.

Guided by the noise of the conflict, I made my way into a somewhat rocky ravine partly covered with brush and trees and here I found the company at work. A road traversed the bottom of the canyon and this thoroughfare allowed the actors and horses enough room to portray episodes in the melodrama. As soon as Bruce espied me he came forward and I handed him the "order of scenes."

"How are things going?" I asked.

"Good," he answered, earnestly. Everyone was ready for work at a quarter to 2 and we got on the first location within ten minutes. I have 'shot' about 150 feet of film already. Don't you want to play a part for me, the colonel who rides to the fort with a company of troopers?"

"Sure," I answered, "lead me to it."

Bruce had one of the cowboys ride swiftly to the costuming department and get a colonel's uniform, boots, sword, spurs and revolver. The cowboy returned in fifteen minutes, I quickly donned the suit, mounted a horse and Bruce rehearsed a company of cavalrymen and myself in a scene where we were to ride down the gorge, discover a dying white man in the brush and convey him to the fort.

"Come on, fellows, we'll make it!" Bruce finally shouted, "ride up the ravine and come down when I give you the signal."

Having gotten into position up the canyon, we waited for Bruce's command.

"Get ready!" he yelled and then followed his running fire of shouts throughout the entire filming of the scene:

"Camera, one, two, three, go! Come on, colonel. Ride in behind him, you soldiers. Keep a looking into the brush, fellows. Now raise up, you wounded white man and call to the soldiers. Look, colonel, you see him, jump off your horse and speak to the dying man. Roll your eyes, you, act like a man really dying. Now, colonel, tell your men to pick him up and put him across a horse. Good, that's good. Look out, you'll drop him. Lay across the horse, you dying man. Now come on, colonel, on to your horse. So, so. Now all of you ride right toward me and past the camera. Fine, that's out. How many feet, Mr. Camera man?"

"I got you fifty-seven feet on that," answered the machine operator.

Bruce covertly gave me a nod to come to him and we walked away from the throng. Bruce whispered to me, saying, "I guess I'll have to retake that scene. You showed too much horror on your face when you walked up to that dying man. Don't overact. Remember that you are a colonel. Why, you're a warrior—you've seen a million dead men. Show nonchalance next time. Now get back on your horse."

"I'll retake that scene," Bruce shouted, "it is good stuff."

Never stopping work until 7 o'clock in the evening, when the sun deserted the horizon in a typically glorious and golden Californian sunset, Bruce and his players worked like Trojans in feeding the ever-hungry camera with dramatic provender. The last scene filmed that day was "shot" in a deeply colorful sunset glow, to get silhouette effects around the cooing and billing of the white hero and his Sioux admirer, the beauteous Loeleetah, in private life, Miss Lottie Brent, the champion equestrienne of Arizona and New Mexico.

Two days later I watched Bruce direct the soldiers and Indians in their battle at the bridge, an old, condemned framework bought from the county. When the structure was crowded with Sioux, Bruce stopped the scene, made all the Indians get off the bridge and then the twelve dummy Red Men were propped up into standing positions at various places on the bridge floor. The soldiers meanwhile fixed a lot of powder under the structure and everybody moved back about 125 feet, to avoid explosion effects. The camera man had his machine partly shielded by a tree trunk.

Bruce gave the word, an electrician pressed a button, sending a current through a wire running to the explosive. With a mighty detonation the entire bridge framework was reduced to splinters and the dozen Sioux dummies, some of them rendered armless, legless or headless, went sailing in all directions. One of the make-believe Indians, apparently seeking stellar honors, hurtled himself straight toward the camera and, greatly mangled, fell hard on the spot

(Continued on page 30)

"You've Got a Lot of Assurance to Cast People for Me! How do I Know that the Girl Will Screen Well?"

"Now Raise Up, You Wounded White Man and Call to the Soldiers"

# Fortunes in the Movies

## Scores of Millionaires Created by Craze for Motion Picture Plays

Enormous Profits From Films Made by Closely Held Private Corporations

## U. S. Court Decision Now Opens Way for Others to Share in Golden Harvest

Lewis Film Corporation Organized to Establish Exchanges and Manufacture Films

A TYPICAL MOVING PICTURE AUDIENCE

## Public Offered Chance to Enter Profitable Field Under Advantageous Plan

Among the business romances of the world none equals in vivid interest and astounding success the history of the growth and development of the moving picture industry, which, in half a dozen years, has created a score of millionaires and which is still in its infancy.

It is a matter of congressional record that over $1,600,000 is paid in to the moving picture theatres of the United States alone every day of the year, or $574,000,000 a year.

There are to-day approximately 25,000 moving picture theatres in this country. These charge prices ranging from 5 cents to $1—and the majority of these are good paying theaters. That a number of them do not pay larger returns is due to the system which prevails in the marketing of the films.

With such an enormous field and such tremendous receipts it is only natural that the men behind the moving picture business should be doing all in their power to centralize the business and keep outsiders from entering the field.

Last year alone it is estimated that the leading motion picture companies cleared net profits of over $50,000,000. Conditions have prevailed until recently which made it possible to centralize the power of these great firms. But the recent release of patents and the decisions of the United States Court of Appeals have made it possible for competing firms to enter the tremendously rich field.

### NEED OF EXCHANGES FELT.

The great obstacle at present is the inability of independent concerns to market their films except through the three great distributing agencies. These are the General Film Company, the Mutual and the Universal. These three concerns are owned and controlled by the principal film manufacturing concerns. Under the anti-trust law they cannot exclude outside manufacturers.

These three great concerns provide through their exchanges the film programs for the movie theatres. Of course, all theatres cannot get first service of films, as the number of weekly releases (as the distribution of new films are called in the profession) is limited. The result is that hundreds of theatres only receive their weekly programs after the same films have already been seen in other theaters and are no longer new.

These hundreds of theaters that show old films need a new exchange. They need new programs; they need attractions that have not been shown elsewhere, perhaps in the same neighborhood, even next door.

To give this new service and to offer an outlet for the dozens of independent manufacturers outside the golden circle has been organized the Lewis Film Corporation. It is the purpose of this new company to organize immediately a chain of exchanges all over the country. As soon as this claim will have been completed, giving a market for full daily programs, the Lewis Film Corporation will begin the manufacturing of films on its own account, meanwhile marketing the best American and foreign films available.

The great profits of the motion picture business is in the exchanges. These secure from the manufacturers the original films at a more or less standardized price. This price averages for ordinary films 10 cents a foot. The exchanges then rent these films to the exhibitors. A weekly service of four films a day for seven days ranges in price, according to the newness of the films, at from $40 to $350 a week.

### BIG PROFITS IN EXCHANGES.

The average life of a film is about six months; that is, its earning period during which time it remains in good condition to be shown. After that the films begin to crack and show wear. Now, during that period of six months a thousand-foot reel averages in earning power about $300. This gives an idea of the enormous profits to be made from the handling of films.

In a week it is learned that the General Film Company, for instance, has cleared $65,000 through its various exchanges. As this company is owned by ten film manufacturers, their profits are made not only from the manufacture of films alone, but from the distribution of the same through their exchanges. At this rate the General should have earned in a year over $3,000,000.

The Lewis Film Corporation is prepared to establish a circuit of film exchanges all over the country, beginning with ten in the leading cities.

To do this it is offering to the public an opportunity to invest in its company. Hitherto the film business has been controlled through closely held private interests. The public has not been allowed to share. Every film concern has been a closed corporation with only a few owners. Film companies started on a "shoe string" have been built up into concerns rated to-day at several millions of dollars.

The Vitagraph Company, for instance, is said to have started with a capital of $10,000. It is rated to-day at several million dollars. All the beginnings have been humble. The Universal was started by Carl Laemmle, an immigrant of only a few years' experience in the United States, who invested his first few hundred dollars in a movie theater in Chicago. To-day the Universal's profits are counted by millions.

Selig, Kleine, Spoor, Anderson, Lubin, Pathe and the dozen other magnates of the film world began with small investments which to-day are worth many millions.

### A CHANCE TO SHARE IN PROFITS.

But all these men held to their stock and allowed only such capital to enter as was needed to start the ball rolling and get going.

The Lewis company is offering the general investing public a chance to share in the rich harvest.

The Lewis company is a reorganization of the Chicago Film Exchange, which was formed in 1906 as a distributing agency. At that time the independent film concerns were in litigation of a most costly character with the original film

patent holding company. This litigation, which has at last been settled in the United States courts, opens the way to a resumption of proposed plans for the establishment of an independent film manufacturing and jobbing company.

The Lewis Film Corporation is organized with a capital of $700,000 under the laws of the state of Maine.

Of this amount $250,000 is in preferred 7 per cent stock, and $450,000 in common stock. To establish a string of exchanges will cost on an average of $10,000 each.

This money is invested in films, a ready, negotiable asset always worth its face value, or nearly so, even under forced sale. To raise the necessary fund to establish these exchanges it is proposed to sell the entire issue of $250,000 of preferred stock, giving with each share of preferred one share of common stock as a bonus.

This common stock is dividend bearing and all earnings over and above the 7 per cent interest on the preferred stock and the sinking fund are payable to the holders of common stock.

### PLAN OF REORGANIZATION IS FAIR.

The $200,000 worth of common stock over and above that given as a bonus to purchasers of preferred stock is accepted by the Lewis company for their interests in the assets of the various Lewis companies which become part of the Lewis Film Corporation and are now owned by this corporation. These include the Chicago Film Exchange and its branches; the Lewis Pennant Feature Company of New York, which imports foreign film negatives and makes positives from them; contracts with foreign film manufacturing companies for their product in this country; films already on hand, lithographs, printed matter, machinery, copyrights, patents, trade marks, good will and other assets, as follows:

**Statement of June 30, 1914:**

| | |
|---|---|
| **Accounts receivable due from exhibitors** | **$ 18,271.46** |
| **Cash in hand and in banks** | **5,474.37** |
| **Organization** | **737.45** |
| **Furniture, fixtures, equipment, etc** | **2,214.71** |
| **Films and Merchandise, lithographs, printing, machinery, etc** | **48,565.11** |
| **Exclusive contracts, copyrights, good will, trade marks** | **130,000.00** |
| **Total** | **$205,263.10** |

For these tangible assets the company accepts $200,000 in common stock, which does not participate in the profits of the new company until the annual 7 per cent interest is paid on the preferred stock, and $50,000 has been set aside for the sinking fund.

To insure absolute honesty in the financial management of the company, and as a safeguard to the interests of the investors, it has been arranged to retire annually from the earnings of the company $50,000 in preferred stock. After the dividends have been paid on the issue of $250,000 in preferred stock, the sum of $50,000 will be set apart every year to retire at par the preferred stock. This will eventually give the investors their common stock free at cost. All earnings above the interest on preferred stock and the $50,000 retiring fund will then be divided among the holders of the common stock.

### INVESTORS ARE PROTECTED.

The honesty and advisability of this plan is evident.

In the first place, the original founders of the company participate only in the common stock and do not receive returns from their holdings until the holders of preferred stock have received their dividends and the sinking fund has been set aside. In the second place, the investors are protected by receiving back their investment plus 7 per cent interest in a period of approximately five years or less. Thirdly, they retain the dividend bearing common stock, which will receive the earnings of the company after the 7 per cent annual dividend is paid and the preferred stock is retired. This plan comes nearer to being a realization of "having your cake and eating it, too," than any ever offered to the public.

As soon as the string of exchanges has been established—and ten of these will be established as fast as the money for them is realized from this sale of stock—the Lewis Film Corporation will open a plant for the manufacture of films. The producing plant will be located in Southern California, where the conditions are ideal for the purpose, as it is possible to take pictures there in the open practically all year around. In California very little of the tremendously expensive indoor equipment is needed, as a majority of even the indoor scenes are taken in the open without expense for artificial lighting or mammoth indoor studios. These indoor studios are expensive and are fast being abandoned by producers, who are realizing the advantages of taking pictures outdoors. The Selig Company recently closed its mammoth Chicago plant, owing to the great expense of conducting it, and the example of this big company is being followed elsewhere.

### MARKET FOR MANUFACTURERS.

Meanwhile the exchanges will not be lacking in material. There are a dozen or more independent film manufacturing concerns in the United States with no reliable market for their product. These will welcome the formation of this company with enthusiasm and assurances have already been received of plenty of native film. In addition the Lewis Film Corporation has the exclusive American rights to the output of several of the leading foreign film manufacturing concerns.

Mr. Harry Lewis is in Europe at present extending this work and reports exclusive contracts with the Deutscher Biograph, the Wilhelm, the Jokisch, the Deksage, the Werner, and the Monopole, all of Berlin, and agreements not exclusive with the Milano, the Drankoff, the Duskes, the Elko, the Kunstfilm, the Messter, the Skandinavian, the Berlin Vitascope, and the Ambrosia, all big foreign concerns. These contracts insure a plentiful supply of foreign films of the very highest grade.

A DOZEN MILLIONAIRES OF THE MOVIES

Left to Right—Top Row: Siegmund Lubin, Thos. A. Edison, Harry E. Aitken, Marcus Loew; Second Row: G. M. Anderson, Adolph Zuker, Geo. K. Spoor, Aaron J. Jones; Third Row: Carl Laemmle, Wm. N. Selig, Chas. J. Hite, Jesse L. Lasky.

The American output of film will be equally satisfactory, as many companies that are now struggling because of lack of market for their product will be enabled to manufacture films at a profit now that the new exchange will afford them a dependable market for their output.

The policy of the Lewis company will be liberal and helpful. It will be in position to give right from the start full daily programmes to any number of theatres that are now clamoring for additional exchanges.

### A READY FIELD IS OPEN.

That there is a field for their programmes can easily be ascertained in any city of importance where theatres are in conflict over programmes. Now they are at the mercy of the three big exchange concerns. The number of theatres that can receive exclusive releases is extremely limited in each neighborhood. The others have to take the leavings and the worked over films that have already been shown in the same neighborhood. The "first release" theatres pay well for this service. The proof of the fact is that the majority of first release houses pay in the neighborhood of $200.00 for their weekly service, not inclusive of special feature films. This feature service is extra. Special films like "The Adventures of Kathlyn," "The Million Dollar Mystery," "The Perils of Pauline," and "Lucile Love," are specials and paid for extra.

As soon as the producing plant is equipped and ready for work it will make a specialty of special films of this character. Another important addition will be the organization of a new film service. Already Mr. Harry Lewis is planning for this abroad and negotiations are now on the way to secure such a service in this country. When these negotiations are successful the Lewis Film Corporation will have the finest news feature service in the world. Plans are not sufficiently advanced to make any announcements of this character at this time. But this will be one of the early developments as soon as the string of distributing exchanges is established.

### EARNING CAPACITY OF EXCHANGES.

Now as to the earning capacity of the exchanges.

This is naturally a matter of great importance. No exaggerated statements need be made to show how large these can be.

The most conservative statements are so large that even these can be discounted and still show an amazing chance for profit.

**Last year, in spite of tremendous difficulties, due to lack of connecting branches, the Chicago Film Exchange cleared over $18,000.00. This one exchange alone therefore cleared enough to pay the interest on the entire issue of preferred stock.**

Figuring the lowest possible amount of the earnings of the ten first exchanges at $6,000 each, we have a total of $60,000 a year net earnings from the ten first exchanges. As fast as these ten exchanges are in working order ten more will be established, doubling the earning capacity of the company to $120,000 a year, which will mean that after the dividend on the $250,000 of preferred stock is paid, which amounts the first year to $17,500, and the retiring fund of $50,000 is set aside for the retirement of the first block of preferred stock, the holders of common stock will receive $52,500 in dividends, or over 11⅔ per cent dividend on their common stock which cost them nothing.

The second year, with only $200,000 preferred out at the same ratio of earnings, the dividend would be $14,000 and the retiring fund $50,000, making $64,000 to be deducted from the earnings.

During the second year at least ten more exchanges should be established which would increase the earnings another $60,000, making a splendid showing of $180,000 from which to deduct the fixed sum of $64,000, leaving $116,000 to be divided among the holders of common stock. At the end of five years, when the entire issue of preferred stock will have been retired, the common stock will receive all the earnings, which by that time should be 100 per cent on the original amount invested, which by this time has been returned, although still earning.

### ESTIMATES ARE CONSERVATIVE.

The possibilities of the company are so dazzling that it is with difficulty that conservatism is kept within bounds. And this, mind you, is not based on inflated figures, but on the most conservative estimates. Before the Lewis interests became entangled in litigation with the patents company it had established a little circuit of exchanges. There were eight of them located at Omaha, Washington, Atlanta, Nashville, Salt Lake, Denver and San Francisco. As the litigation drew more and more heavily on the resources of the company these film exchanges were sold to raise cash to meet the heavy cost of legal battling.

During the years 1906, 1907 and 1908, when the film business was still in its infancy, these eight exchanges averaged over $250,000 a year net profits. These earnings are a matter of record on the books of the Chicago Film Exchange.

Max Lewis and Henry Lewis, managers of the Lewis Film Corporation, are pioneers in the film business. They began during 1902 taking the early films on the road and exhibiting them as curiosities in small towns and at country fairs.

In 1904 they first organized the Chicago Film Exchange. It provided film plays for the vaudeville theatres that at that time showed them as a novelty as part of their regular programme. Most people will remember when most vaudeville shows ended with a showing of a short film of perhaps 200 feet. It was

a curiosity. Indeed at the time very few, even of the pioneers of the film field, realized the tremendous future of the business, and it is a matter of jest at present that George A. Spohr, one of the present great film magnates, used to ignore requests for service from nickel theatres, printing on all of his stationery "Nickel Theatres Save Your Postage."

### OPEN FIRST BRANCH EXCHANGES.

In 1907 the Lewises opened a branch exchange in Louisville and found so much encouragement that further branches were opened later in the other cities. In 1912 the Lewises began to see the possibilities of the producer of films. Max Lewis had been a founder and was treasurer of the Melies Company. This company had its own fight with the patents company and the Lewises were drawn into it through their Feature Films Sales Company and the Phoenix Film Company, a manufacturing company of which they were principal owners.

Litigation was of the most bitter character and tremendously expensive, and they were hard pressed, losing most of the profits they had accumulated in fighting what was then called the Film Trust. The final decision which vindicated them left them in bad shape financially but strong in their faith in the future of the business.

It was at this time that the struggles of the independent manufacturers suggested to Mr. Max Lewis the plan for marketing the output of these producers. The cost of producing negative film is figured in a general way to average about $1.00 a foot. The average standard price of positive film is figured 10 cents a foot to the exchange. Now the independents in order to keep their factories open have been compelled to sell at 6, 7 or 8 cents a foot in addition to having to sustain costly promotional expenditures. These firms will be delighted to make a reasonable profit on their films through the Lewis Film Corporation's exchanges.

The Lewises, Max and Philip, bring to the new corporation the fullest and most complete experience. They were real pioneers in the movement. They know the business from the producing of film to the ultimate marketing of it through foreign exchanges. Their connections abroad are splendid so that films that have been shown here can be sold in foreign countries at a final profit.

**Following is a list of films owned by the Lewis Film Corporation, and length of each in reels:**

**The Fatal Emerald (2); Soul Mates (3); The Stain (3); Twenty Years in Sing Sing (2); Life or Death (2); The Ex-Convict (2); Meyer Josefovitz (3); James Patterson (4); In a Thief's Power (3); Blood Will Tell (3); My Boy (4); Tracked by Wireless (3); In a Gilded Cage (3); The Broken Melody (3); The Hidden Message (3); Private Secretary (3); Pawn Broker's Daughter (2); Decreed to Die (3); The Daughter of the Stage (3); The Common Law (2); The Airman's Secret (2); Way of Justice (3); Iron Hand (Int'l Conspiracy) (3); Reconelled (2); A Mountain Rescue (3); A Girl's Atonement (2); A Woman's Honor (3); The Master's Voice (2); Siege of Petersburg (2); Living Grave (Written in Blood) (3); Power of Fate (2); The Fatal Mask (2); Dagmar (Incendiary) (3); Death or Divorce (3); Sealed Lips (3); Captain Scott's South Pole Ex. (2); Blood of the Father (4); Apache Bride (4); Theo. Koerner (4); A Race for Gold (Their Lives for Gold) (2); Victims of Alcohol (3); For the Father's Sake (3); Blindness of Conrage (3); Twixt Life and Death (3); Four Footed Hero (2); The Unwritten Law (3); The Civilian (2); The Queen's Necklace (2); The Conquest of the Pole (2); Zigómar vs. Nick Carter (4); Garden of Love (3); Fall to Death (3); Big Rock's Last Stand (2); Rare Devil Rescue (3); Mendel Bellis (Terrors of Russia) (3); The Smuggler's (Detective W. S. Burns) (3); When Lee Surrenders (2); Frontier Mystery (2); Carmen (The Bandit's Daughter) (3); A Woman's Path of Sorrow (3); Aviator (Journalist's Wife) (3); Notre Dame De Paris (3); The Loan Shark (3); The Embezzler (3); Prison on Cliff (2); When Love Dies (3); Passion Play (3); Arrah-Na-Pogue (3); Her Secret (2); Taxicab 100s (3); Escaped from the Asylum (2); Ticket of Leave Man (2); When U. S. Was Young (2); Saved in Mid Air (Black Mask) (3); Mystery of the Main (3); Redemption (2); Nelly the Lion Tamer (2); Balkan War (2); Siege of Calais (Colored) (2); The Shaughran (3); When Woman Loves (3); The Struggle of the Strong (3); His Terrible Secret (2); The Stage (3); Garden of Love (3); Grip of the Usurer (3); Mystery of Hearts (3); Night on the Atlantic (3); The Wreck (3); Black Thirteen (3); Vanity Fair (3); Sympathetic Strike (2); An Eye of a God (4); When the Earth Trembled (3); Woman Against Woman (4); Justice of Love (3); Faust (2); Woman in Black (3); Master Hand (3); Colonel's Ward (2); Father's Curse (2); Thru Fire and Flame (3); Green Shadow (2); Slaughter (4); Two Brothers (2); Bohemian Girl (3).**

**LIST OF SINGLE REELS—Cutey and the Twins; Homestead Race; Reflections from the Firelight; Strip Poker; Cub Reporter Scoop; Willie; Aunt Maria's Substitute; Man or Mald; Discontented Women; Trouble Kiss; Trouble Makers; Bedella as Suffragette; Fortune Wheel; O'Hara's God Child; Power That Rules; Billy Surrenders; Over the Divide; Parasite; On the Trail; Trailed Thru the Hills; Cowboy's Vindication; Deserted Shaft; Unknown Model; Bound to a Cur; Count of No Account Melody; Frontier Days of Cheyenne; Weapon; Curse Gambling; Blind Man's Tact; Only the Iceman; I Never Said a Word; Adventure Millionaire; His Mother; Message in Bottle; Buffalo Ranch; Dope Head Clancy; Village Rival; Cowboy Pastime; Last Year's Comedy; Devil's Trail; King George's Coronation; Easter Celebrated; Rody O'Moore; Tangled Courtship; Hickville Epicure; Sheriff's Punishment; Will of Providence; Girl Detective Ruse; For Washington; Cure for Pokeritis; Dream; Aloy, the Wild Man; Editor; Medicine Woman; Model's Redemption; Land Barons Vie; Devil's Island; Idol's Eye; Cole Du Riensl; Child's Judgment; Louise Miller; St. Cecelia; The Christian; Resurrection of Lazarus; Prodigal Son; Italian Soldiers Training; North Pole Craze; Colonel's Errand; Knight Templars Conclave; Queen Elizabeth's Ring; Rendeuta; Military Tournament; Celebrated Case; Inauguration of Taft; Washington in Danger; Funeral of General Booth; Discontentment Evidence.**

### CONTROL VALUABLE FILMS.

They already own by right or purchase films of a wide variety. These are all feature films running in length from 2 to 4 reels of 1,000 feet each. The film "reel" commercially now means a film of 1,000 feet. They have therefore already on hand 258 reels of feature film. These 258 reels are of original film. They represent a tremendous asset right at the start. In addition are many new reels being received by the Lewis Pennant Company from abroad.

The Lewis Pennant Company, which is absorbed by the Lewis Film Corporation, was organized for the purpose of buying negatives of films and printing from them as many positives as would be required. This is done especially with the foreign films which are brought to this country under exclusive contract. From these negatives are printed the positives which are exhibited in the theatres. From each negative an average of 80 positives is printed at a little more than the actual cost of raw film. The profit from these is very large, as the 80 positives will average a gross income of about $200 apiece. This is another great source of income. Eighty positives averaging in cost $100 and bringing in $200 show a profit each of $200 and the eighty positives alone should therefore earn in the neighborhood of $16,000 per reel. It does not take long to run into big money, as every week a release of an average of 28 new reels means in the course of a year 1,232 reels a year, all earning an average of. $200 clear before they are worthless. This means that the releases of the year will earn $2,044,000.

### POSSIBILITIES ARE ENORMOUS.

It is these enormous figures of possibilities that make the prospects of this company so great.

In the estimates of the earnings of the exchanges no account has been made of the earnings of the manufacturing end of the business, which will be exploited for all it is worth. It is this combined producing and marketing feature that makes the present offer of stock such a tempting one.

A few of the film concerns market their stocks. These stocks have been issued from the new high capitalizations of the producing firms and generally represent not the capitalized investment, but the capitalized earning power of the companies.

In spite of this fact all these stocks are earning big dividends and are all quoted way above par. This company offers investors a chance to get into a company where every dollar of stock will represent, not earning capacity, but actual assets in tangible property, the same being the films with which each exchange will be stocked.

The board of officers of the company includes as president Mr. Max Lewis, a young man, but one of the powers and pioneers in the film business; Mr. Philip Lewis, vice-president, who has been associated with the Lewis enterprises since their inception and is now the New York manager of the company's interests; Mr. Lou M. Housenan, director, who is the Western manager of the tremendous theatrical enterprises of Al H. Woods, the big New York theatrical producer who has recently produced such tremendous successes as "Potash and Perlmutter," "The Yellow Ticket," "The Crinoline Girl," "Julian Eltenge," etc. Mr. Housenan is known from one end of the country to the other as a theatrical and sporting promoter of great success. Mr. Richard Kann, General Manager of the American Safety Valve Company, the largest corporation of its kind in this country, and a business man of the highest standing, also a director, and Mr. J. M. Handley, theatrical manager, newspaper and magazine writer and promotional advertising expert, as the third director. Benjamin Strasburg, a retired capitalist and business man, will be the treasurer. Herman Waldman, prominent attorney, will be secretary.

### STOCKHOLDERS CONTROL COMPANY.

Holders of stock will have full voting power and as they will control the majority of the stock at all times the vote of the stockholders will be decisive in all matters.

The absorbed Lewis companies, including the Chicago Film Exchange, the Chicago Feature Film Company, the Lewis Pennant and the other concerns taken in under the reorganization, will receive only $200,000 worth of common stock for their holdings, and even when the preferred stock will be entirely retired will control only four-ninths of the voting stock, which leaves the complete control in the hands of the investors, with full power to elect new officers or to determine the policy of the company should its management prove unsatisfactory to a majority of the stockholders.

An idea of the tremendous earning capacity of the films is shown by a recent statement issued by the management of the Orpheum Theatre Company of Chicago for the last year. In 1913 this theatre, which is owned and managed by Jones, Linick and Schaefer, played to a total of 2,643,571 persons, taking in therefore a total of $264,357.10, the regular admission being ten cents. And this is a small theatre accommodating only about 500 persons.

The proposition offered to the investing public is recommended because of its safety, its conservatism, its honorable and fair plan of dealing with the investors and the splendid possibilities for superior returns. The stock will be sold at a par value of $5 a share, each share carrying with it a bonus of one share of common stock, also of the par value of $5—

## WHAT IT COSTS TO MANUFACTURE AND MARKET THE FILMS

**The owner of a studio where actors and actresses are employed, and where the actual films are made, is known as a "producer."**

**To produce the original negative costs approximately $1.00 per foot, or $1,000.00 for the average 1,000 foot film, a standard length. This cost includes the salaries of players, directors, light, rent, etc. The producer then makes from this original film about 40 positives. The "positives" are the films used in the machines which throw the picture on the screens. The Producer sells these positives to exhanges at an average of 10 cents per foot, the cost of making them being 4 cents per foot. For 40 copies at 10 cents per foot the producer therefore receives $4,000.00, while his actual outlay is $1,000.00 for the original negative, and $1,600.00 for the copies, thus leaving him a profit of $1,400.00 on each film he manufactures. Several producers turn out six of the 1,000 foot films per week.**

**The exchanges, on the other hand, pay 10 cents per foot for each copy of the original, and then rent the positives to exhibitors for an average rental of $3.50 per night, so that in thirty days the positive has paid for itself, and still has five months of life, during which time an additional 500 per cent is made. So that for a positive for which it has paid $100.00 the exchange receives in rent in six months $625.00, or thereabouts.**

so that the stock is actually offered at 50 cents on the dollar.

**MONEY TO ESTABLISH EXCHANGES.**

The investors' money is to be used in establishing the circuit of exchanges and will be spent for films with which to stock these exchanges. These films will be most carefully selected from those offered for sale by manufacturers and selection will be made with full knowledge of conditions and public demands.

For instance, the trend of the times is all towards short films. The demand for long feature films is decreasing every day. The exhibitors all agree that the one reel and split reel films are the most popular. A split reel is one on which two films are shown in the 1,000 feet.

Abroad, where the taste of the public has foreshadowed the policy of American producers, it is said that four or five reel films are no longer popular and that the public demands more variety and action for its money. This is natural. If you enter a movie theatre while a five reel feature is being run and arrive when it is half over you have to sit through two or more reels of a play of which you do not know the beginning and find it hard to understand what is occurring. You then have to sit on to see the beginning and see the play backwards, as it were. It is like opening a new book in the middle, reading to the end and then reading the first part. This is always unsatisfactory.

With one reel, or at the utmost two reel films, you do not have to miss much no matter when you enter the theatre, and always get an enjoyable programme. In following out this policy the Lewis Film Corporation will make up its programme of one reel films, split reels and an occasional specially meritorious two reel film.

**FORTUNES IN SPECIAL FILMS.**

Big fortunes have been made with special feature films, and once in a while one of these will be made and marketed through the exchanges. These will also be shown independently, being booked like regular theatrical attractions. Some of these feature films have cleared enormous sums for their producers. "The Traffic in Souls" is said to have cleared a net profit over cost of manufacture amounting to $26,000 the first week it was exhibited. Its average earnings afterwards are said to have averaged $50,000 a week during the life of the film, with grand total of nearly $2,000,000.

With the producing and marketing facilities of the Lewis Film Corporation, it will be possible to produce feature films of this character from time to time, greatly adding to the income of the company. But the policy of the company will be ever conservative, depending on the steady demand for programmes which exists and which must be satisfied. It is on these earnings alone which the directors of the company are making their appeal to conservative investors. The rest will come later.

It is anticipated that there will be a great demand for this issue of stock, so those who contemplate investment are urgently requested to make their applications at the earliest possible moment. A coupon is attached for those who want to subscribe immediately and one for those who wish to be further informed in regard to the affairs of the company, its projectors and its purposes. Fill out either of these coupons and mail at once. The fiscal agents reserve the right, should the issue be over-subscribed, to allot the shares pro rata to applicants so that the greatest number may be given a chance to buy this stock.

It is planned to sell the whole issue of preferred stock under this plan without reservations. The common stock will not be offered for sale separately and the issue of $250,000 of common stock allotted to the public will all be given as bonus stock to purchasers of the preferred.

**GREAT FUTURE IN "MOVIES."**

The "Movies" have come to stay. They are growing stronger and better every day.

The great theatrical men of the world are alive to this fact and on the roster of film producers will be found the names of those famous all over the world in the realm of the theatre. Where formerly the "movie" was housed in converted stores and make-shift theatres, they today occupy million dollar theatres on the greatest avenues of business in the world. No estimate can be made of the amount of money now invested in this business. It is believed to be $500,000,000. Yet the business is still in its infancy, scarcely out of its swaddling clothes.

Today some of the biggest and finest theatres in the world are being used to show moving picture programmes.

Theatres that for ages had appealed only to the rich, with admissions including all, but those who can afford to pay well for their amusements, are now catering to the small purses with photoplays.

Every city has its dozens of "movie" houses and every village, no matter how remote, has its picture house if only for a day or two days a week.

Sixty thousand picture theatres in the world are catering to this demand. Twenty-five thousand of these are in the United States alone, and more would spring up if they believed they could be provided with programmes.

Thousands of men and women are working in the new field. Tens of thousands are interested in picture theatres. Great syndicates controlling strings of theatres are being formed all over the country. In New York alone Marcus Loew, who only a few years ago was selling newspapers on the streets of New York, now has twenty-eight picture theatres and is counted many times a millionaire.

Jones, Linick and Schaefer, the Chicago theatre men, began in a penny arcade, showing moving pictures in the box affairs which were operated by dropping a penny in the slot. Today they are rated as millionaires and have taken over several of the best theatres in Chicago, including McVicker's, the most historical theatre in the West, and for which they are said to pay an annual rental of $50,000, the Colonial, one of the finest theatres in the world; the Studebaker, one of the handsomest theatres in Chicago, and a score of minor theatres where they are catering to the love of the public for motion pictures. Above we quoted as a measure of earning power of these theatres, the receipts of the little Orpheum Theatre in Chicago.

**NEW MILLION DOLLAR THEATRES.**

Two new million dollar theatres have been built in New York within the last year solely for exhibiting motion pictures. These are the Strand and the Vitagraph theatres. Vitagraph features are shown. And the business is only really about six years old. What will it be when it has attained its full growth and the field is covered as it might be? The possibilities are so big that they beggar imagination.

This opportunity for investment offers the general investing public a chance to obtain a share of the tremendous earnings of the business. It offers a safe investment with tremendous speculative possibilities something very few other investing possibilities afford.

The investors are guaranteed by the character of the investment. Their money is not to be spent in speculative enterprises. There is none of the uncertainty that attends the investment in mining, development, land or other enterprises. It is going into films, into opening up a market for films which exists already and which is crying for such a service.

The films in which the money will be invested are a tangible asset on which it is possible to realize quickly if necessary. The purchasers of these stocks are not asked to pay a big price for another person's business, as the Lewis company's patents, contracts, films, assets are all paid for in stock, not in cash.

**In return for $200,000 in common stock the Lewis companies turn over a going business, not one that needs to be started, and a ready income that is already sufficient to pay the annual dividend on the issue of preferred stock.**

As fast as new exchanges are established they will begin earning more. These will all be in charge of competent exchange managers. They will all begin at once to extend the scope of the company's work and every exchange established will soon be on a paying basis and earning money.

There are already on file in the offices of the Lewis company enough applications for the Lewis Film Service to insure this. And every day will see the scope of the company grow. As its activities develop so will its earning powers. And when the exchanges are all running the most conservative estimates made by the Lewis company are that every exchange will earn over 100 per cent on its investment. In making these announcements these figures have been discounted by half to be safe. Even at half the earnings will be great enough to satisfy any inve tor.

**DON'T DELAY TAKING ACTION.**

If you are interested fill out either of the attached coupons and mail at once. If desired arrangements can be made to pay for the stock in four installments. Pay $1 a share down and $1 a month until fully paid for. Anyone can meet these easy payments out of surplus earnings. This little investment may be the beginning of a fortune.

One hundred shares of preferred stock worth $500 with the one hundred shares of common stock may in a few years insure you an income for life on which you can live without worry. And in five years you should have received back your original investment, while your common stock will be earning you a comfortable income for life.

This stock is fully paid up and non-assessable. It is all voting stock and every share of stock has its voice in the affairs of the company.

The management of the company will remain vested in its stockholders, and as the majority of the stock will be in the hands of the investors and not in the hands of its projectors, the investors will have the full decision in all affairs of the company.

**INVESTORS FULLY PROTECTED.**

There could not be a more equable arrangement for the protection of the interests of the stockholders. Remember, no one cent goes to the Lewises for their good will, copyrights, trademarks, tangible assets or property. It is all to be expended in establishing exchanges and securing a plant for manufacturing films.

Of the five directors having voice in the affairs of the company up to the time the stockholders take hold and elect officers, three are independent, giving them the control of the organization, while two are members of the old Lewis firm. This is an added precaution for the protection of investors.

Of these three none has had any previous connection with the Lewis company.

**RICHARD KANN,**
**Fiscal Agent Lewis Film Corporation,**
**1821 Republic Bldg., State and Adams St., Chicago, Ill.**

*I herewith enclose $____ as ____ payment on ____ shares of Preferred Stock of the Lewis Film Corporation, at $5.00 a share, same to carry a bonus of one share of Common Stock for every share of Preferred as per your offer.*

**Name** ____

**Address** ____

**City and State** ____

**RICHARD KANN,**
**Fiscal Agent Lewis Film Corporation**
**1821 Republic Bldg., State and Adams St., Chicago, Ill.**

*Please send me full particulars of the subscription sale of stock in the Lewis Film Corporation. It is understood that this request in no way obligates me to subscribe for the stock of the company.*

**Name** ____

**Address** ____

**City and State** ____

## "Extras"

(Continued from page 13)

even try to look sorry and I haven't seen the kids in any pictures yet. Gimme another match, you've got me talking and I can't keep this weed lit.

"We get lots of regulars here as you noticed this morning. All ages too. They come around every morning and let me see they're around, old men and women and young men and girls. I know just what they can and can't do, and whether certain directors like 'em or not, and parcel 'em out where they will fit in best. Sometimes there is nothing for them to do and some of 'em will go home and others will hang around to see what happens.

"I get some real pathetic cases at times. People who have no chance in the world of getting a job and they bring all sorts of tales of woe. Now and again I get a real find, but mighty seldom. You know Miss ——? She's making good all right. As pretty as can be and willing and real clever I think. She came in here almost in rags and when I told her she couldn't get a job with that dress on anyhow, she turned round on me and asked me to lend her enough to get a dress she could apply in and I was fool enough to do it. I don't know why, something in her 'way,' I guess. She paid me back long ago and brought me a big box of cigars to boot. She's got a little sister she's sending to school and was just scraping along to keep the kid going. Well—I guess she's all right now.

"Some of the boys get me fighting mad. They stand around and make remarks about other people applying for work and if there is any particularly pretty girl in the place, will josh me about flirting with her. Say, that makes me tired every time. A fellow can't talk decently to a girl without some cuss making game of him. If I wanted to take up flirtations with some of the girls I could do it all right, but I don't and that's why I hold my job.

"One of the regulars is 'Mother ——' She came in here a year and a half ago a little wrinkled woman with a timid voice. She told me her daughter was dead and that she was bringing up her grandson, a delicate boy, and she wanted to know if I would try and get him in some picture or get her in so that she could dress him and school him. Director —— happened to be in here at the time and he put his arm round her and said she was just the very type he wanted for a scene he was putting on. I remember the old lady wept, but she did right well.

"There is one whole family that work extra here—seem to prefer it to going into stock. They are all good too. The father is a heavy and character man and a useful one at that, and he draws down his five per nearly every day in the year; the mother takes matrons and society dames and is just fair; the daughter is pretty but not much of an actress, but she gets lots of work as maids and society buds in the background and her little sister is some peach, and gets more than all of the others. She is good for seven and a half a day every time and her small brother gets work quite regularly too. They are a nice family and the kids are well taught and they have to behave themselves, too, you bet.

"We seldom have any real trouble with our extras. Now and again there is a disturbance, but it is always with mohs engaged from outside. Not so long ago there were some strike scenes and the extras themselves 'struck' and said they wouldn't go on unless they got an extra dollar each. The director was no coward and he told them that they would be ready in ten minutes and take their orders or they could walk home. They were some distance out, too, so he cinched matters by having all the lunches put into the automohiles and instructing the chauffeurs to drive off with them the moment he gave the word. This brought the strikers to their senses and they did their work. But that night they were paid off and told that none of their services would be needed again, and a new lot were engaged for the next day.

"Say—deliver me from the persuasive girl. Believe me, she's too numerous. She will come in and lean as far over the barrier as possihle and do the goo goo act with her eyes and will say, 'Oh, Mr. man, can't you get me something today?—you can I know, and you know how much I think of you, I think you are the very nicest man here—you'll give me something, won't you, dear?' When I tell her there ain't a thing she will pout prettily and will try all over again.

"Bribery? Believe me, that if I took all that's offered me I'd have a nice bank account, hut my job wouldn't last for long I'm afraid. It would get around in no time. Lots of men and women offer me half of what they expect to get if I will get them a try out and more than once some of 'em have come in after a day's work and slipped a dollar towards me and told me that there will be others if I will look after 'em. Thank goodness, I have never taken a sou yet. I get well paid and it's dangerous anyhow. I know of several of the property boys who have got the sack for accepting hrihes and, then where are they?

"The trouble with lots of the people who apply is that they haven't got any clothes worth mentioning, and some of them haven't got the cash to go to a costumer's to get—well, hay a dress suit which the company does not provide.

"It's no joke, I tell you, and I wonder why some of them stick to it. Habit, perhaps. I suppose that a lot of people would rather hang around the chance of a pay-by-the-day job than get a steady at something where they'd have to work.

"Oh, well, I should worry. The world was made before I got into it, and I can't make it over!"

Which shows the value of an acquired philosophy.

## The Moving Picture Game

(Continued from page 25)

where a film hero would have stood to get a closeup view of himself.

"Did you see that dummy?" Bruce shouted to me, laughing heartily. "Why say, some of these dummies are better actors than— but I won't say it, I won't say it!"

I met Miss Brent every day during the filming of the play.

And when it was completed and she found that her work had not only elevated her to the rank of star for that one time hut for all time—if only she kept her ambition and her industry up to par—well, I can only say that I was happier than I had ever been in my life when she thanked me. Bruce had told me and had told Miss Brent, you see, that she might consider herself a permanent member of the company.

Even at that time I had no idea of how great my success was to be. And let those who find me egotistical, those to whom I seem overbearingly vain, consider again what I had started with. When I left New York I was a hack writer with no chance to do the writing for which alone I had had any training. My wife and daughter were spending their days in a four room flat, doing all of the housework, even the laundry work, wearing shabby clothes, eating the plainest food, and spending an occasional evening at a five cent movie show, for their only recreation.

It isn't necessary to tell you just how large my income is now, just as it isn't necessary to tell you how small my income was then—it is ahsurd even to refer to it as an income—wages is the word for it. It is only necessary to give you some idea of how we live now, for that is, after all, the test. If, with my new income, we were not ahle to live in such a way as to make us better human beings, then my work, my success, would count for little. But we are better human beings. It isn't only that we are happier than we have ever been before, we are bet ter than we were.

My daughter, who was a rather pale, thin, awkward girl of fifteen when we left New York has changed to a sun-tanned young Amazon, rather thin, still, but nut brown and rosy and active. She goes to school, of course, and is heing prepared for college where she expects to become—an engineer! That's what the outdoor life has done for her. It has huilt up her body, but it has, besides, given her a new vision of the world about her. Not a very wide vision, perhaps, but still it is wide enough to enable her to see that the only way to be happy is to have some satisfying work to do. And I, who have always regretted that I didn't have a son, don't need a son now, for Stella is both son and daughter to me. When she comes across the lawn toward me with her quick, lithe step, in short white skirt of duck, loose blouse with sleeves rolled to the shoulders, hot and flushed from a game of tennis, or when I see her come galloping up to the house on her pony and slip off, looking like a slim boy in her riding breeches and coat, breathless and happy, why then she's my boy. And when she comes down to dinner, rosy and fresh from her bath in the filmiest of white frocks, and with her brown curls tied back with a broad rihhon, why then she's my daughter. But, when she perches on the arm of my chair set in the pleasantest corner of the great screened porch and talks to me of her work, her ambitions, why then she's both.

As for my dear wife. But there—I am in danger of becoming sentimental, and that won't do at all. I can say only what my wife says—and I agree with her—that the moving picture game is the greatest game in the world. That is what it has been for us, and for everyone else who had gone into it with the determination to work, and the ahility to win.

And I have worked and have won!

(THE END)

## A Stay of Execution

(Continued from page 7)

To the west of the village, in a semi circle covered by a thicket, a ring of faint smoke appeared.

The Germans were holding a temporary breastwork. But now, across the open space, there came a swift rush of red legged troops, the sun gleaming on the steel of their fixed bayonets. They charged silently; there was one volley from the Germans, and then the French were over the works, stahbing at the few who remained. The Germans were heavily outnumhered; they withdrew in good order. But they didn't waste any time! Covered by a battery of field artillery, they made their way back through the town.

"Come on! Hurry!" begged Taggart, waving to the French. "Cut them to pieces—you can do it!"

But the French were satisfied. They rested, watching the German retreat.

"Don't hlame them, at that," said Taggart, regretfully. It might be a trap."

"I guess we don't get shot," said Billy. "I'm just as glad. I'm hungry!"

Taggart stared at him. Then he laughed.

"Jove!" he said. "That's so! I imagine our friend the colonel is legging it pretty fast toward Muelhousen now—or Neu Breisach! I wonder where they will stop. Aha—camera again, Billy! Get this—here comes the French cavalry, to pursue. Dragoons—see?"

For a hlissful hour they remained on their roof. They saw—and recorded on the film—the lowering of the German flag. They saw—and millions would later see—the enthusiasm of the townspeople as the beloved tricolor of France, unseen there for forty-four long years, took its place. And then they saw the French troops take up the march again, following the line of the German retreat. Once more Aitkirch began to assume its peaceful aspect.

And, very quietly, very unostentatiously, they descended from their roof and slipped across country toward the Swiss border. They crossed it at ten o'clock that night; at half past ten they had negotiated with a peasant for food and a hed, and were eating as only hungry men can eat.

"Call us at six o'clock, bitte," said Taggart—and Reynolds groaned. "We can travel by train —yes?"

"Switzerland is at peace," said the old peasant. "The herren can travel as they please—if they have money. Switzerland is at peace—and at peace she shall remain, if she has to fight to do so!"

# West Coast Studio Jottings

## News of the Photoplayers in Southern California

By Richard Willis

FORD STERLING is having a special dressing room fitted up for his use; they call it the million dollar dressing room and it promises to be very bong swagger. Sterling refuses to discuss the scheme of decoration, but admits it will be in sterling silver—possibly.

Jack Richardson and George Field, both heavies at the American, have decided to race their speed autos (Ford brand) next Saturday. There has been so much objection by the authorities owing to the danger to the public and possibly themselves that the contestants have agreed to have a slow race, the one taking the longest time to be declared the winner. Both are in training and do not speak as they pass by. The loser stands a cafeteria dinner to selves and wives—if the wives will stand for it.

Harold Lockwood likes Gotham. He has recently received some handkerchiefs to blow his royal nose on, an umbrella with a silver handle which really goes up and down and a gold cigarette case. Harold can be seen any day now protecting himself from the sun, with a severe cold and smoking one cigarette after another. Such is fame.

Advices from the front: Fred Mace is back. Gay Paree became too blue, too cold to strangers, so he left before the Thaw. Whilst there he was appearing in a piece. Anyhow we are glad he is safely home again. Margarita Fischer, she of the "Beauty" brand, has heard from the "Pleasureites Club" in Milwaukee. They like her, which is good; they tell her so, which is nice, and they request her photo to hang in their club rooms, which they will undoubtedly get, so the Pleasureites will soon be happy.

Out Kaiem, Hollywood way, Ruth Roland received a package and, removing the wrapper, disclosed a box with air-holes in it. Ruth scented trouble and called in Miss Gibson, who presides at the Kaiem mahogany desk. They debated and finally agreed to remove the lid together and to scream in chorus if anything insectorial jumped out. The lid was flicked off but there was nothing worse than some beautiful artificial flowers, but it is not at all safe to say "Boo" suddenly to athletic Ruth just now. At this selfsame studio Lloyd Hamilton is being featured by Micky Nielan and in one scene is dressed in a nice nighty and is supposed to fly away to the place where only good people go. Lloyd was discovered trying to play one of the property harps and when asked the reason whyfore he said, "Just getting a little necessary atmosphere, my boy."

William D. Taylor of the Balboa bears a striking resemblance to a certain Pasadena majordomo of great wealth—all except in the great wealth. At a dance the other night a lady mistook him for the other fellow and asked him, "Are you one of the Whatshisnames of Virginia?" "No," said the truthful Billy, "I am a Taylor." "Oh!" apologized the fair one. "I am so sorry, er—and so you are in trade? I hope business is good."

Red Huntley of the Selig forces has been playing an old soak in Ed. J. Le Saint's detective series. He says the part is intoxicatingly exciting and he is glad he has a "reel" part to play.

Billy Garwood of the American has been going out without that nice little cane of his. The publicity man at Santa Barbara says that he is afraid the popular William will be arrested for being without visible means of support. This joke is not entirely new, but will serve in the absence of a better one.

Helen Case has been engaged by Frank Montgomery to appear in his western plays. Helen has been sick for a long time now and everyone is glad to see her back again. If there was ever a deserving *case*, this Helen is it. I really did not think I was going to get a joke in this paragraph, but I did, you see. I am very bright (?).

Eugene Pallette, the handsome juvenile of the Reliance studios, is entered in the men's bathing costume and general appearance contest at Ocean Park. Women will be the judges and Gene is debating whether to use blue or pink ribbons on his suit. Well—a palette should have plenty of colors to choose from.

Also received a nice letter from Edwin, whose other name is August. He says his namesake is very warm this month in New York and hints that there may be a vaudeville engagement before long. He has no intention of deserting the pictures, however.

They *will* call Fred Kley "*Clay*." Now Fred is the genial manager at the Lasky studios and is one of the best fellows going. He insists upon his name being spelled right and I quite agree with him. He is no common clay. Scribes please take notice.

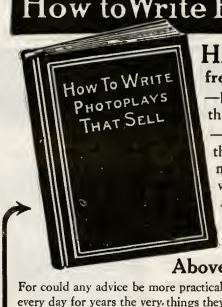
Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran, not having enough on their consciences already, have been practicing the Ukulele—two of them, to be accurate. One of them is generally in tune, but I have not been able to decide which one it is. They each claim the honor. Those who have dressing rooms in their immediate vicinity are not as polite regarding the ability of either as they might be; nothing but rank jealousy, of course.

Scene—Outside the Los Angeles Auditorium. Crowds waiting to get in to see "The Escape." Enter Wilfred Lucas and Bess Meredyth in auto. Enter several small boys. Says one urchin, "She's a movin' picture actress; let's give her the once over." They do so and as Lucas wiggles the self-starter one boy hollers out, "Hello, Bess the Detectress!" Business of crowd snickering and giggling.

Anna Little has one scrapbook which she reserves for clippings in which the same joke appears, said "joke" being the reference to her as "little Miss Little." I had just written an article headed "Little Miss Little," and was about to send it off when I saw the book. I crumpled the article up in my pocket and merely remarked, "I cannot imagine how writers can be so inane."

Laura Oakley has now been sworn in as a real live special Los Angeles policeman and her number is "99." She threatens to arrest anyone who has her number or who deducts from it one-third by turning it upside down. Laura the cop! Got to stop now. Herbert Rawlinson and Charlie Murray have just been in telling me funny stories. They have left me so mournful I couldn't crack another joke if I tried.


# How to Write Photoplays that Sell

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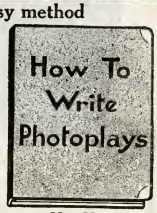
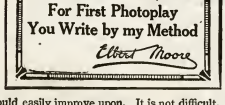



### As Former Scenario Editor I Speak With Authority

You have doubtless been to moving picture shows and seen photoplays which you yourself




could easily improve upon. It is not difficult. I believe that every person with sufficient imagination and intelligence to be interested in this advertisment should possess material for at least one successful photoplay. Many of them should be able to write more than this—possibly as many as one every week. Such a record is by no means remarkable. That is why I make the extraordinary guarantee shown here. This guarantee is binding, and the same as that much cash in your pocket. I don't care who you are, this holds good.

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*(Former Scenario Editor)*
**Box 772KS CHICAGO**


## The Making of an Actress

*(Continued from page 15)*

Brewster, for whom everyone, from Forster down, was waiting with emotions varying from a deep anxiety to a simple curiosity, came in. She walked directly to Harry. Her voice, while not high pitched, carried well. And everyone in the studio could hear what she said.

"Harry!" she said. "You shouldn't do such things! Don't you know I'm worried to death about you? Are you all right?"

"Certainly I'm all right," he replied, almost brusquely.

"I don't think you're very considerate," she said, lowering her voice a little, but only a little. "You know a thing like that is bound to make talk—especially after the way you brought the girl here. I don't think I'm puritanical, Harry, I think I'm rather broad. I know you're a man—and I expect you to do the sort of things men do—while you're unmarried, at any rate. But I really think you should have a little more discretion!"

Forster's cheeks were blazing.

"I'm sorry you were annoyed," he said. "I was foolish enough to think that Miss Hayes and I had suffered more than anyone else. I see I was wrong. But, if I might suggest It—Miss Hayes really does deserve some sympathy."

"Miss Hayes?" said Beatrice, curiously. She lifted her lorgnette. Then she turned, very slowly, very superbly, as she could, and her eyes swept the studio. Everyone was looking at her. Vera, half way across the room, smiled and bowed. And Beatrice, very quietly, let her eyes pass on. Not a muscle of her face moved; she cut Vera dead.

"Look here!" said Forster, tensely, anger in his voice. "I—"

"Of course, you quite understand," Interrupted Beatrice, "that after this, after the publicity to which I have been compelled to submit, it will be impossible for me to remain in the same company with Miss Hayes?"

"What?"

Forster's voice was like the snap of a whip. He was outraged, and he was fighting, now, oblivious to what the result might mean to him.

"I made myself clear, I thought," said Beatrice. "Either Miss Hayes or I will have to leave this company. I informed Mr. Renshaw of my attitude this morning. He assured me that he understood perfectly, and that he would communicate with you at once."

There was a moment of silence. It was broken by the insistent, shrill ringing of a telephone from the director's room. Some one answered it; a boy. He came toward Forster.

"Telephone, Mr. Forster," he said, in a loud, shrill voice. "The big boss wants you on the wire right away."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Helping Detect Thieves

IT has happened frequently in fiction that the moving picture camera has figured in the recovery of stolen money, but an actual occurrence in Memphis, Tenn., shows that such a thing is possible. A young lady cashier for an auto concern was in the Germania Bank with an envelope containing $450 in cash with which to buy New York exchange. While she was standing at the counter preparing to fill out the deposit slip moving picture people came into the bank and prepared to take pictures of a bride and groom making their first deposit. The young lady's attention was momentarily attracted and when she turned back to the desk the money was gone. Detectives were put to work on the case immediately, but found no clue.

Publication of the entire incident was made and of the plans to catch the thief. In an hour or so two business men went to the bank, and, taking the cashier into their confidence, returned the money, stating that a young man in their employ had taken it by mistake. Full credit is given to the camera for the return, although there was only a hope that the identity of the thief could have been ascertained in that manner.

# Eastern Studio News

## Gossip of Players In and Around New York

HAROLD Vosburgh will soon be seen in the Goldin Feature Film Company's releases. His first picture will be in a five reel production in support of Madame Lipzin. Mr. Vosburgh is a popular photoplay favorite having played leads in Selig pictures for the past year, and has hosts of friends both in the studio and among the fans.

Madame Alice Blache of the Solax Company had a narrow escape lately when the large glass tank used in "The Mysterious Bride" gave way under the heavy pressure and scattered broken glass in all directions. At the time of the accident Madame Blache was standing quite near the weak side of the tank but luckily escaped injury. Because of the accident which came so near being fatal in the producing of "Neptune's Daughter" every precaution had been taken to prevent a repetition but it seems that there was a flaw in the glass which could not be detected by the naked eye. After a few hours' work the tank was again in condition for use and the scene was retaken without trouble.

Little Katherine Lee recently gave a "kid" party to all the child players of the different Universal companies on the stage of the Globe Theatre after the matinee. Miss Lee will be remembered as the little mermaid in "Neptune's Daughter." As a hostess the 5 year old "pollywog" is a wonder. Director Herbert Brenon acted as master of ceremonies.

Marie Eline, the Thanhouser Kid, is again back in the East after a several weeks' stay in the South. She was working in a film production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Marie was Little Eva of course. During the making of the scene in which she is rescued from the water by Uncle Tom, a strong undertow drew both beneath the boat. Their rescue by the director and others of the company was difficult, in fact, it came very near not being effected. Marie ends the telling of this incident with the sighing inflection, "I'm certainly thankful I'm alive!"

Matty Roubert—of "Matty and Early" fame in Powers pictures—is busy at the Imp studio on Eleventh street, New York. The series is to be known as the "Universal Boy" pictures. Every story will be complete in itself, yet the series will be a continuation of the events that go to make up the events of the interesting life of this interesting boy.

Gene Gauntier sailed for Europe lately with the intention of taking a genuine rest. It is her eleventh trip over the seas and the first on which she was unaccompanied by the motion picture camera. Evidently she misses it, for Warner's office is in receipt of a wireless stating that she is lonesome and may return soon. During her absence the studio has been in charge of Jack Clark.

Marc MacDermott rests easy now that "The Man Who Disappeared" series is finished. His latest thrill was jumping from the upper deck of a Hudson River steamer into the water, a distance of about 70 feet. Previous to this he fought a fistic battle on the iron girders of an unfinished sky-scraper, and raced a railroad train in a speeding aeroplane. With a record of risks like these is it any wonder that Marc is glad the series is over?

King Baggot is the proud father of a ten-pound boy who recently made his initial bow to the world at the Baggot residence on 113th street, New York. The president and founder of the Screen Club and Mrs. Baggot have been kept busy reading congratulatory letters and telegrams since King the second's arrival. King's many friends are sheltering great hopes for the youngster's future.

A queer line of events precedes Robert Ellis' appearance in Kalem pictures. He was educated for the ministry, joined Hagenbeck and Wallace's circus and became known as their most daring horseman, and later was seen in the Savannah automobile races as the partner of "Eddie" Timmons, the famous chauffeur. He afterwards appeared on the stage and then entered the silent drama, where he is well known as a juvenile portrayer. His latest picture is "Old Man Higgenbotham's Daughter."

During the warm weather Lillian Walker can generally be found at the ocean when it is not necessary for her to be at the studio. If the beach were an hour's ride from the Vitagraph plant instead of just a few minutes, Lillian would be there just the same, for she loves the water and is a good swimmer—not of the "ankle-deep" variety, but a regular swimmer who goes out until she is lost to sight among the waves and then, when her companions have about given up hope of ever seeing her again, returns and, with many smiles and consequent dimples, tells how grand the water is.

Earl Metcalf has quit buying commutation tickets between Philadelphia and New York. Instead the Lubin leading man is making the trips between the studio and the Screen Club in his new Overland. To date he has not been asked to report at the inquests of any barnyard fowl that might have been using the road at the same time as he, but give him a chance. He'll get them yet.

Dan Mason is recognized as the official country sheriff of the Edison studio. Some time ago Mr. Mason received an invitation from the "fans" of a small town to pay them a visit. He accepted and was met at the depot by the mayor and a band, and escorted down the main street in style. All his admirers, which numbered the same as the population, turned out to make it a Mason day.

Herbert Brenon, Universal actor and director, is never balked by a little thing like distance or trouble when he wants to stage a scene. In putting on "When the Heart Calls" recently Brenon learned that the country around Stamford, Conn., afforded exactly the kind of exteriors he needed, so he bundled up his company and proceeded to Stamford without delay.

While a most peacefully inclined girl, Muriel Ostriche, leading lady in Princess films, can become very destructive if a picture necessitates such action. To this Dave Thompson will testify while he traces scratches with one hand and, with the other, takes an inventory of the unpopulated spots where hair once grew. He does not regret the conflict, for the violent domestic argument made a cracking good scene, but he only wishes he had not underestimated Muriel's strength and ability at "mixing" before the scene was started.

Speaking of "film fights," Morrey Foster can give some good information on the subject—the kind that is acquired by painful experience. In a scene at the Thanhouser studio lately several husky fellows were turned loose on Foster with the instructions to "rough it up." They obeyed the command to the letter to the demolishment of nearly all the furniture in the set. There were no rules or limitations; Marquis of Queensbury they had probably never heard of. It wouldn't have made any difference if they had, for when the director began shouting for realism they started to create it, and for a few minutes Morrey knew how it felt to be the busiest man in the world. Nothing but the scenery will bear marks of the conflict very long, but hereafter those who saw it will gauge fights according to it.


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*by*

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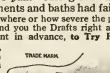


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# Information Department

## Answers to Questions about Plays and Players

"An Edison Fan," California: Yes, the player you mention is married, but why try to discover to whom? Aren't you just as well satisfied with his acting? Isn't he just as good an actor as ever? Yes, you can buy back numbers of The Movie Pictorial. An interview with Marc MacDermott will appear in the October number of Photoplay Magazine. Since the "Man Who Disappeared" series began Marc has appeared in no other Edison releases. Guess you wouldn't want to either if you had to go through all the thrilling and hair-raising experiences to which Marc has been submitted. However, now that the last picture of the series has been completed and will soon be released, we know it won't be long until you see him in a number of other interesting dramas.

F. C. S., Mellington, Kan.: What the Question and Answer man doesn't know about writing photoplays would fill a whole library. However, he's willing to give you some mighty good advice. Subscribe at once to Photoplay Scenario, published by the same concern that issues this magazine. A personal letter addressed to Mr. Thomas will bring you a reply that will start you right, and then by joining the *Photoplaywrights' Association of America* you will be entitled to have your first few manuscripts criticised by an expert.

G. E. P., Spokane, Wash.: The man to whom you refer is Charles Chaplin and he is one of the foremost funmakers of the Keystone Company. He is appearing right along in Keystone comedies, so you have a good many laughs in store if you follow the Keystones. The Lucile Love picture was made at the West Coast studios of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, located not a great ways from Los Angeles.

Gertrude C., Chicago, Ill.: Sorry, but we can't give you that player's name, since we haven't a Biograph cast sheet on that particular release.

P. T. O., Dayton, Ohio: Harold Lockwood is playing for the same concern as Mary Pickford, but not in the same films. He is now appearing in the New York studios of the Famous Players Company, and Mary is working at the same studio, though in an entirely different drama. He left Los Angeles at about the same time Mary did, and his last picture with her that we recall was "Tess of the Storm Country." Mary did not appear nude on the beach in that picture. Another player was substituted for her in that scene. Yes, Mary in private life is Mrs. Owen Moore.

Constant Reader, Detroit, Mich.: Mary Pickford is married. See reply to P. T. O. of Dayton, above.

Margaret G., Pittsburg, Pa.: Anne Leonard was *Mrs. Rodney* in Edison's "Farmer Rodney's Daughter," while *Bobby* was Robert Lawton. Vivian Rich was *Nan*, the moonshiner's daughter, in American's "The Trap."

Florence E., Santa Barbara, Cal.: G. A. Pulliam was *Tom*, the express messenger, in Kalem's "The Operator at Black Rock." The other character you mention is not included in the cast sheet the Kalem publicity man furnishes.

Thanhouserite, New Orleans, La.: The two other "*cross old men*" besides Riley Chamberlain in Thanhouser's "The Infant Heart Snatcher" were N. S. Woods and Arthur Bauer. Fan Bourke was the maid. Meta White was *Mrs. Davis* in Majestic's "The Unredeemed Pledge."

Lester T. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.: Jack Nelson was *Tom Perry* in Broncho's "The Silent Witness." James Cruze made his first appearance in Thanhouser films in "She."

Anna M., Denver, Colo.: John Bunny is still to appear in a number of Vitagraph dramas, for he has worked in many pictures that have not yet been released, but his work at the studio is over for a while and John is soon to be seen in vaudeville. He has plans all made for a vaudeville tour of the world. Can't you imagine what a reception he'll get? Perhaps some time this winter he'll play in your city and you can then see him in real life.

Lillie S., Duluth, Minn.: Yes, Wallace Reid was the country boy in Majestic's "The City Beautiful," but his wife in the picture was not the Mrs. Reid of real life, but Dorothy Gish, Lillian's sister. We can't tell you what circus it was that gave the local color to American's "The Lure of the Sawdust." Couldn't you get a glimpse of something in the picture that would tell you which one of the big tented aggregations it was?

F. F. C., Lincoln, Neb.: You certainly have asked a hard one. Without a lot of statistics at hand it is almost impossible to answer you, but along last April the United States Department of Commerce reported that for the month of March something like 23,000,000 linear feet of film was exported. A statement was also made that a continuation of the exports upon the average level maintained for the nine months previous to April last would bring the total for the full fiscal year up to 195,000,000 linear feet. Sorry we can't give you specific information with regard to each company, but the above will give you a few figures any way to think over.

Rastus, Baltimore, Md.: Charles Huber was the bad man in Frontier's "Won By Wire." We haven't the cast sheet for the other film you mention.

Billy P., Dallas, Texas: The reason that you are able to see Pearl White in Crystal comedies long after she began work for Pathe and you knew she was no longer with Crystal is very easy of explanation. Miss White worked in a great number of pictures while under contract to Crystal and a lot of these were held back for months after she severed her connection.

Mary H., Roanoke, Va.: Frank Lanning and Beatrice Van were *Mr. and Mrs. Reed* in 101 Bison's "The Hills of Silence." Oh, yes, Leah Baird appeared in other Universal pictures besides the ones you mention—for instance, "On the Chess Board of Fate."

Theresa L., Davenport, Ia.: Harry Lonsdale was *Dr. Gunn* in Selig's "The Ordeal." The corsair in Eclectic's "The Corsair" was Crane Wilbur, though we'll admit he was so well made up that it was with difficulty he could be recognized.

Edna T., Milwaukee, Wis.: The complete cast of Imp's "His Last Chance" is as follows: *Bob Reid*—Alexander Gaden; *Tom Graham*—David Lythgoe; *The Editor*—Charles Eldridge; *Carl Ritz*—Hobart Henley; *Nora Davis*—Leah Baird; *the servant*—W. J. Ferguson.

Mrs. L. J. R., Indianapolis, Ind.: Mary Alden was born in New Orleans, not New York. She was educated in Notre Dame College, Montreal, and studied art in New York City. She appeared with Mrs. Fiske on the legitimate stage and was then for a short time leading woman with the Ramo Company. Pathe films led to David W. Griffith and the Biograph, and when Griffith left she accompanied him to Mutual.

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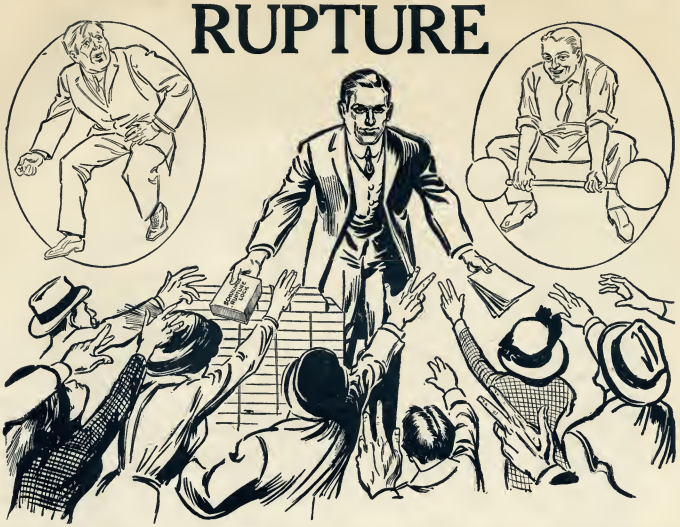

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